# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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## RALLY ROUND THE FLAG!

**Every True Irishman and Irishwoman in Chicago Should Attend the Mass Meeting at Central Music Hall This (Saturday) Evening, June 20.**

**All the Parnell Envoys Will Speak—List of the Vice-Presidents—The Address.**

The committee having in charge the grand mass meeting to be held at Central Music Hall this (Saturday) evening, June 20, have not allowed any grass to grow under their feet in organizing the movement. The chairman of the executive committee is Mr. M. W. Ryan, formerly county delegate of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, with Charles McCabe as secretary, Thomas J. Dempsey as assistant secretary, and Owen Murray as treasurer.

The following list of vice-presidents has been announced:

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|---|---|
| John F. Finerty, | M. W. Ryan, |
| Thomas Burns, | William McCoy, |
| S. D. Madden, | Ald. E. P. Burke, |
| John J. Fitzgibbon, | Michael McInerny, |
| Charles McCabe, | Capt. M. Powers, |
| William Sullivan, | Ald. W. J. O'Brien, |
| James Crottie, | W. L. Goggin, |
| John M. Dunphy, | Thomas P. Tipping, |
| Charles King, | Roger Sullivan, |
| Prof. Fitzgerald, | J. P. Harrington, |
| John T. Golden, | John M. Traynor, |
| Maj W. C. McClure, | Henry F. Donovan, |
| Ald Powers, | Daniel Deasy, |
| John M. Smyth, | Owen Murray, |
| John J. Curran, | Col. R. O'S. Burke, |
| Ald. A. Dixon, | Ald. M. Bowler, |
| Dominick J. Byrne, | T. J. Dempsey, |
| Capt. J. McCarthy, | Ald. M. J. O'Brien, |
| John Beegan, | Edward Lahiff, |
| Thomas Mulvihill, | Frank T. Colby, |
| James Bradley, | P. G. Smyth, |
| John E. Murphy, | Dr. McAuliffe, |
| M. J. O'Keeffe, | Eugene Davis, |
| Capt. Feeney, | M. J. Keane, |
| J. J. McCormick, | Patrick Clabby, |
| Col. W. P. Rend, | Stephen O'Brien, |
| Thos. Shaughnessy, | Timothy J. Darcy, |
| James E Bourke, | Frank D Kinsella, |
| William Fogarty, | John J. Mahony, |
| Hon Jos. P. Mahony, | John Long, |
| Bernard Curtis, | Capt. P. Ryan, |
| Justice Quinn, | D. W. Ryan, |
| Patrick Dalton, | Bartholomew Quirk, |
| Charles E. Moore, | John S. Mullen, |
| P. W. Crowe, | Francis Crowe, |
| M. Mulcahey, | John McKeough, |
| P. R. O'Donnell, | Hon. W. K Sullivan, |
| Lawrence M. Ennis, | M. W. Kerwin, |
| Thomas Finegan, | E. F. Kelly, |
| John A. Murphy, | Walt Conway, |
| P. F. Conway, | John McCarthy, |
| Hon. Bryan Conway, | W. F. Fitzgerald, |
| Wm. Fitzgerald, | David Barry, |
| John Fitzsimmons, | Charles O'Connor, |
| Daniel F. O'Connell, | Hon. J. W. Duncan, |
| Hon. M. Kavanaugh, | James Cummings, |
| Francis T. Colby, | E. F. Dunne, |
| E. J. Quinlan, | John McGrath, |
| R. C. Gannon, | Thomas J. Reedy, |
| John Reedy, | Philip J. Reedy, |
| Maurice O'Connell, | James O'Connell, |
| James Farrell, | W. R. Farrell, |
| Thomas Currie, | John Devlin, |
| Hon. L. McGann, | Hon. L. P. Boyle, |
| James J. Egan, | Hon. John Gibbons, |
| Hon. T. S. Crotty, | Simon O'Donnell, |
| Cornelius O'Donnell, | F. J. Ryan, |
| R. W. Wolfe, | James Lyman, |
| Hon. W. H. Lyman, | Hon. L. Harmon, |
| J. J. Moore, | J. O'Leary, |
| G. B. Hennessy, | M. Kerens, |
| P. F. White, | Thomas J. Lynch, |
| Col. T. F. Hartigan, | J. Naghten, |
| Francis Dalton, | A. Duggan, |
| H. Powers, | J. O'Neill, |
| R. F. Sheridan, | Michael J. O'Brien, |
| M. O'Gallagher, | D. Crowley, and many |

others.

The following address has been issued by the executive committee:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW COUNTRY PEOPLE: The present crisis in Irish affairs calls for the zealous and intelligent consideration of every man and woman of Irish birth or race. Conditions, which it would be superfluous to describe in this necessarily brief address, have compelled Ireland to abandon, for the present, means of redress found successful by other oppressed nations more fortunately situated. She is obliged to confine herself to peaceful methods which have been potently developed in the British parliament by the policy of independent opposition, of which Parnell may be said to have been the founder.

In order to preserve the Irish race in Ireland from fatal depletion by further famine and emigration, the party led by Parnell has never ceased to struggle for vital measures of land reform. Had it not been for the Land acts wrung by Parnell from both the Whig and Tory parties of England, the population of Ireland would now be less than three, instead of nearly five millions.

The cause of Home Rule for Ireland, too, has been wonderfully advanced by Parnell and his followers. They have compelled one of the great English parties to recognize the principle of Irish self-government, and have forced the other to realize that the national aspirations of Ireland must be gratified, before permanent peace between the two nations can be assured.

Parnell has been the successful leader in all this memorable work. He remained at the head of the United Irish party until last November, when he was, for the eleventh time, re-elected its chairman. Not a vote was cast against him. The proceedings in the O'Shea divorce case were well known to every member of the Irish party at the time of Parnell's eleventh election as chairman, and there subsequently would have been no disturbance of the union and harmony of that party, had not Mr. Gladstone, influenced by the most anti Irish element of the Whig party, intruded upon and intrigued against the independence of the Irish party, thereby causing the disgraceful desertion from Parnell's ranks, which will ever remain one of the darkest blots in the history of Anglo Irish politics.

In the name of the benefits Parnell's leadership has brought to Ireland; in the name of the millions he has saved from eviction and starvation; in the name of Irish independence of English dictation; and, finally, in the name of manhood, courage, gratitude and patriotism, we call upon you, friends and fellow country people, to rally in your strength to the meeting of Saturday evening, June 20, at Central Music Hall.

The principal speakers will be the Hon. James J. O'Kelly, M. P.; Hon. William Redmond, M. P.; Hon. John O'Connor, M. P, and Hon. Henry Harrison, M. P. Should time permit local speakers will also address the meeting.

## OBITUARY.

MRS ELLEN HORAN.

Mrs. Ellen Horan, whose maiden name was Miss Ellen Mahoney, died of acute rheumatism of the heart at her residence, No. 165 East Eighteenth street, on Tuesday, in the 64th year of her age. Mrs. Horan was born in Kilteely, county Limerick, and came to this country, settling with her husband in this city, in 1851. She leaves three sons grown to manhood, Daniel J., James J., and John, all born in this city, and all faithful to the cause of their parents' country. Mrs. Horan was a devout member of the Catholic church, and was a most exemplary woman in every relation of life. The funeral occurred from the residence to St. John's church on Thursday morning, and was very largely attended. Requiem high mass was offered up, and the funeral sermon was preached most eloquently and effectively by the Rev. Maurice J. Dorney, pastor of St. Gabriel's church, an old and dear friend of the Horan family. The religious ceremonies concluded, the honored remains were escorted by a large cortege to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest.

The following gentlemen acted as pall bearers at Mrs. Horan's funeral: David Regan, Chas McCormick, Cornelius Ryan, John Ryan, Joseph Fitzgerald and Daniel Carroll.

LIZZIE B. RYAN.

On Friday, June 12, at the residence of her parents, 730 Washington boulevard, Lizzie B. Ryan, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Mr. P. F. Ryan, died at the early age of 19 years, after a brief but painful illness which she bore with true christian resignation. Her death was a severe shock to her parents and immediate relatives, and indeed to west side society in general, where the deceased young lady had been a prominent figure, having ever endeared herself to all who came within the circle of her acquaintance by the sweetness of her manner and by her personal beauty. The funeral, which was the largest seen on the west side for years, left her parents' residence by carriages at 12:45 p. m., on Sunday for St. Malachy's church, where funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Father Hodnett, assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Connell and McGrath, accompanied by a full choir, the organ playing the dead march from Saul. Owing to it being Sunday the solemn requiem mass for the soul of the deceased had to be postponed until June 19. After services the Rev. Father Hodnett delivered an exceedingly eloquent panegyric on the deceased whom he likened to a blooming flower suddenly snatched off by the awful hand of death. "Lizzie Ryan," said the reverend gentleman in a voice trembling with emotion, "as the deceased was popularly known to all of us, was unquestionably one of the most beautiful and perfect young ladies I have ever known. Whether taken as a loving and devoted child to the parents who reared her, a kind and affectionate sister to the sister and little brother who still survive her, or a practical member of the Holy Catholic church, where she made earnest and frequent manifestations of the strong faith and ardent devotion with which her young soul was filled, she was exemplary beyond all praise." Many glowing tributes to the memory of the deceased were also paid by prominent members of the different social circles in which she moved and was such a favorite. The affectionate esteem in which Miss Ryan had been held by her numerous friends and acquaintances, was best testified by the tearful eyes and mournful demeanor of the large number who thronged around her bier which they had literally buried in flowers. After funeral services were over, the immense cortege, headed by the Rev. Fathers Hodnett and O'Connell, wended its way to Calvary cemetery, where now repose the mortal remains of the lamented young lady, who some few short days ago was the light of her home and the joy and pride of her now bereaved parents, for whom the deepest sympathy and heartfelt condolence are felt and expressed on all sides, for

There is sadness 'round their dwelling, for the beautiful who gave
Life and sweetness to her household, lies in darkness of the grave;
And the voice of joy is silent, for its brightness is all gone,
Like the lonely bower of summer when the wintry gloom comes on.
Can we believe it? Can we believe it that so sweet a flower is dead?
Can we believe that such true loveliness has filled an earthly bed?
Then away with all earth's phantoms, grandeur title, wealth and pride,
They are airy rainbow shadows since our darling Lizzie died.

E. F. R.


THE BREATH of a chronic catarrh patient is so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.


## NOBLE WORDS.

**The Editor of the Tuam (Ireland) "Herald" Makes a Superb Appeal for Union to All His Countrymen.**

**Reasons For Supporting the Leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell.**

[*Nashville American.*]

From a copy of the Tuam *Herald*, Ireland, May 23, we take the following editorial calling for unity and reconciliation of the factions in Ireland. This article is one of the best that has been written in Ireland on the subject, and will prove of great interest to many of our citizens who are in accord with the views therein expressed:

"Is reconciliation impossible? This grave and serious question, the most important and eventful that has come up for answer in Ireland for many years, is the question which thoughtful men on both sides of this unhappy controversy are asking themselves to-day, and as anxiously looking for an answer. All that is good and sound in Irish public life would seem to look with a certain growing hopefulness to a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. All that is disturbing and distracting on the other hand from the petrel paper that rose out from the storm and which will live only while it rages, dread with equal concern the very prospect of a settlement. The spirit in which the well meaning efforts of Mr. Edward Dwyer Gray were received, the qualified success which attended them despite the malicious machinations and misrepresentations of mischief-making paragraphists and politicians, lead us to believe that a way out of the darkness of the present distracting division will yet, and soon, be found. Every man of any prominence and judgment in this controversy who really desires the triumph of the cause of Home Rule, regards this continued disunion as disastrous, and the urgent and pressing necessity for unity will make such men treat secession as a crime to the country. We must all look upon this great question as patriots, and not as partisans, and, so viewed, can it be thought for one moment that the present state of things can and should continue? Are we to remain divided, county against county, parish against parish, and even brother against brother? Has human passion and vindictiveness reached such a pitch that rather than compromise our difficulties we shall drag down into the dirt the very fabric of our national edifice, built up with such weary labor these years past? Must things go on as they are going on now, to the sickening sorrow of the sincere lovers of our country, rather than by a reconciliation with one or other side should apparently be the victory?

"If we continue this strife on the lines, and with the peculiar methods we have pursued it for the past six months, the next general election in England, however it results, will be the grave of constitutional agitation and of all hopes of Home Rule. It would seem from the apparent failure of Mr. Gray to bring about an arrangement, that things are destined still longer to so continue, but although for the present peace-making has not seemed possible, we still cannot regard the prospect as hopeless. Unfortunately there is no common friend of tried experience uncommitted, who could, with the authority of common respect and national regard, interpose as a friend and bring about a reconciliation. Every man of public prominence has more or less identified himself with one or the other side of the quarrel, and as a consequence we are without a leading Irishman within the four seas of Ireland who could be trusted by the general opinion, to be unbiassed and unprejudiced. Michael Davitt but for his extreme personal dislike of Mr. Parnell, might once have been the man to whom the eyes of the country would have turned in such an emergency, but he has gone so far that, disgusted at his own conduct, he leaves his native land a discredited politician, the first and noblest wreck in the recent storm in Irish politics. Archbishop Croke destroyed his chance of mediator when he wrote that stupid letter recommending an English place hunter to an Irish nationalist constituency. So one by one the old leaders disqualified themselves, and it was eminently creditable to Mr. Gray, who was under the Southern Cross when this row broke out, and therefore out of it, that he should have endeavored when he came home, as far as lay with him, to bring about a settlement on a basis honorable to all that is best and bravest in both parties. He tried, but has so far failed, yet the effect of his endeavor is not lost. He has succeeded in showing the world that reconciliation is as possible as it is desirable, and the first step to ultimate success of the mission of mediation by whomsoever again undertaken, is thereby gained. Who that sincerely wants to avoid, and clearly appreciates the consequences of a perpetuation of the present turmoil and wasting, internecine strife, will not hail with unaffected feelings of relief any chance of a settlement? To determine and define the conditions and limitations of that compromise is not for us. That is the work of negotiation and arbitration, but to do all we can to help on the enterprise, to leave no stone unturned in that direction, will be our duty and pleasure. We have for our part fought out this controversy upon the high level of principle. We never wrote a line to wound any class or person.

"We respected those differing from us, and only regretted that we felt bound to differ from some such respected and estimable men. We got our share of the obloquy for our persistency in the right; whatever abuse we received we gave none, and with weary hearts we found ourselves drifting from oldest and dearest associations. We kept firm to the old guiding principle of national independence—the only saving plank of Irish parliamentary platform—complete, unfettered freedom from any English party—alliance as long and so long as it was for Irish interests advisable, but fusion under no circumstances. How that doctrine could with any safety be denied—that old dogma hallowed by centuries of trial and effort repudiated, puzzled us from the first moment, and if it could find favor with Irishmen, would make us despair of the future of a country blind to all the teachings of its sad history, and the chastening lessons of its terrible experience. That principle, identified with a person admittedly most capable of all his compeers for carrying it out, is what is at stake, and Mr. Healy never spoke truer words than when he said at the Leinster Hall meeting that Parnell was an institution. It is not, and never was, with us a question of mere personality. We are no advocates of a dictatorship by any man or any men, and often thought there was as much reason to wince under the old political ring as under any recent developments. But if the Irish struggle is to succeed it must be on these grounds and no other. If the Irish people are to win any legislative triumph or gain any constitutional advantage in the English house of commons, it must, and can only be on condition that the party that there represents her is self contained, self controlled and self reliant. With that cardinal principle in view, reconciliation of our now devided party should not be impossible. With that condition of compromise, the one alone sanctified by success, a wielding of the real solidarity of the party can be affected. Recent events more powerfully than ever show us that the only workable arrangement, the only one able to stand the strain of the coming struggle as it has stood the stress of the present strife, is the old plan, the old program, and the old leader chastened by conflict, confirmed by contest, and combining once again the united forces of nationalism. The man that brings about that blessed consummation of peace in our ranks will be a real benefactor to the country, and the sooner a settlement respecting all differences, as far as practicable, is thereby brought about, the more assured the success of the cause of self government and the less difficult its attainment. Every day's delay widens the way and increases the difficulties of reconcilement, even though every day should see, as it does, one after another go down into the dust of discredit, the active agents of dissension. Nationalism wants no victims and seeks none. Let us all then in God's name put aside bickerings and recrimination, abuse and vilification so discreditable and disgusting in the mouths of men, who as fulsomely praised but yesterday what they so foully damn today. Let us be brothers and be brotherly for the common cause and welcome aid and help every attempt at peace making and every effort at bringing about a reconciliation. Without unity we are powerless and contemptible—with it, powerful and respected. Which do we wish to be?"

### WHEN SOUTH WINDS BLOW.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Why sits the gentle maiden there,
While surfing billows splash around?
Why doth she southwards wildly stare,
And sing, with such a fearful sound—
"The Wild Geese* fly where others walk;
The Wild Geese do what others talk—
The way is long from France, you know—
He'll come at last when south winds blow."

Oh! softly was the maiden nurst,
In Castle Connell's lordly towers,
Where Sellia's billows boil and burst,
And, far above, Dunkerron towers:
And she was noble as the hill—
Yet battle flags are nobler still,
And she was graceful as the wave—
Yet who would live a tranquil slave?

And, so, her lover went to France,
To serve the foe of Ireland's foe;
Yet deep he swore—"Whatever chance,
I'll come some day when south winds blow."
And prouder hopes he told beside,
How she should be a prince's bride,
How Louis would the Wild Geese send,
And Ireland's weary woes should end.

But tyrants quenched her father's hearth,
And wrong and absence warped her mind;
The gentle maid, of gentle birth,
Is moaning madly to the wind—
"He said he'd come, whate'er betide;
He said I'd be a happy bride;
Oh! long the way and hard the foe—
He'll come when south—when south winds blow!"

* The recruiting for the Brigade was carried on in the French ships which smuggled brandies, wines, silks, etc. to the western and southwestern coasts. Their return cargoes were recruits for the Brigade, and were entered in their books as Wild Geese. Hence this became the common name in Ireland for the Irish serving in the Brigade. The recruiting was chiefly from Clare, Limerick, Cork, Kerry, and Galway.


**Something Interesting to Every Family**

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.


AN article that is especially interesting at this season of the year, when thousands are flocking to the seaside resorts, is "The State of Maine," by Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., in "The New England Magazine" for July. Mr. Dingley knows Maine, his native state, which has sent him to congress, better than any man in the country, and his article has a peculiar value on this account. It will be lavishly illustrated.

## IRELAND'S OLIVER.

**Not the Bloody, Brutal and Thoroughly Infamous Oliver Cromwell, the Devil's Chosen Friend,**

**But Oliver Goldsmith, the Great Poet of Ireland's Rural Beauties.**

SWEET AUBURN.

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made—"

was destroyed fifty years ago by those travelers who would fain hack and maim everything, but the haws throve in Mrs. Murray's garden, and we got some sprays from off one of their offspring last summer.

From the crumbling walls of the old inn we turn to visit the present one, which bears the name of "The Three Jolly Pigeons." We take the road that faces the ruin, by Cannistown postoffice, which also bears the name of the Three Jolly Pigeons Postoffice, and in a few minutes we come to a long, low, well thatched and well kept cottage, or wayside inn. Here it was that the young girl came a bride, from the old place below, sixty years since, and the pretty little hostess who, seated in her wicker arm chair just inside the door, greets all comers with a cheery welcome, is that very bride of long ago, Mrs. Murray, owner of the present Three Jolly Pigeons, as smart and as active and as good a business woman as if she were but 40 years of age, although in reality she is 87; but I believe everyone lives to be at least 87 about the centre of Ireland, for we met boys and girls of that age wherever we went; not worn out, decrepid old men and women, but brisk, healthy people, with seemingly long lives before them yet.

Mrs. Murray and her son, the host of the Three Jolly Pigeons, kindly showed us all over the place, and not only let us see their treasures, but shared them too. Some years ago the host set about collecting memorials of Auburn and carrying out, as far as possible, his ides of what the village inn was

IN GOLDSMITH'S DAY.

To his credit be it said he, in his way, loves the country for its own sake as dearly as did the poet, and no one can point out the homely charms of its scenes with greater affection than can the host; those rich, spreading meadows; those gentle undulations that relieve the monotony of a plain—yet in no way lessen the sense there is of being in the midst of a great, wide space, where the sun and the delicious air from moor and distant mountains have it all their own way, and truly both sun and air love the place well; Mr. Murray says he can feel the very breath of the sea across from Galway Bay. Certainly there is all about here a sense of breadth and freedom, as if one were very high up upon some great hilltop.

Then there are the relics of Sweet Auburn to interest us. The doorstep of the wayside inn is formed of the old mill-stone from "The Busy Mill," a portion of whose wheel shaft is also in Mr. Murray's possession. The signboard—the host's own design—represents three very jolly pigeons indeed seated at a tavern table, the chairman, an important fantail, laying down the law to two pigeons of a common species, whose pipes and tankards of ale are on the table. At the back of the house are two hawthorn trees, small, yet 60 years old, and grown from the haws of the old bush; these, and a quantity of sweet, old-fashioned flowers adorn a trim little bowling green; the whole place, so neatly kept within and without, is a real pleasure to see, even apart from the associations around, which were many. We were the grateful recipients of pieces of the mill stone and the old shaft, and moreover owe it to Mr. Murray's kindness that we were able to obtain yet another treasure—the lock that was on the principal door of

GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE.

This, with the key belonging to it, was for a long time in the possession of a family in the neighborhood; the stock is of Irish oak, the key a large master key of curious make. Of course we were anxious that the relic should be authenticated, and from what we gathered as to its traditions in the neighborhood, where many of the old people can look back so far, I have not the slightest doubt of the authenticity of the lock and key—the latter, in all probability, so often turned in its lock by Goldsmith himself.

The following letter is very interesting, particularly as it is signed by the last of the millers of "The Busy Mill," whose acquaintance we also had the pleasure of making, for everyone around Auburn who points out the landmark says, "Surely you will go down to see 'The Busy Mill and the never failing brook?'" From the door of the Three Jolly Pigeons we can see where they lie—just in that dip of the land a couple of fields off, and, as I said, but a pleasant saunter by the meadows across the rear of the old vicarage:

CANNISTOWN, Pigeon Postoffice, Athlone, July 30, 1890.—It is perfectly true that the Healy family resided for many generations at Lissoy, and had every opportunity of getting the lock and key at Goldsmith's residence. About ten years ago the present possessor of it, Patrick Healy, was telling my nephew of it, and how it went from father to son in the Healy family; he even cut off a bit of the stock to show him it was Irish oak. He also told Mr. John F. Hayden, of the Westmeath *Examiner*, that he had such a lock and key at the Glasson races (now two or three years ago); so that the antiquarian movement in Athlone had nothing to do with the lock and key. I firmly believe from all I have heard of it that it belonged to the Goldsmith family. The house which you saw when sketching the "Busy Mill" is my house, and I am the last of the millers who worked it. My brothers and sisters living in the house with me are respectively aged 86, 84, 70 and 60 years (and collectively 300 years). All can corroborate my assertion to be true regarding the lock and key. THOMAS DUNGAN.

A little distance from the road as we retrace our steps from the Three Jolly Pigeons, a bohereen leads in a few minutes to another scene of that most perfect of rural poems:

"How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, that topp'd the neighboring hill."

One would think it was today the poet saw the desolate mill, once the busy scene of industry and plenty:

"——Desolation saddens all thy green.
. . . . . .
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way."

Some of the walls alone of the busy mill are standing now; where the miller came and went as he tended his wheel; where the plentiful sacks of corn made comfortable leaning posts for the farmers who gossiped as they waited for their turn; all the space is grass grown, or, rather, nature has made here a veritable flower knot of her own, for flowers grow in wild profusion wherever a seed can find room. The never-failing brook, too, that fed the mill-dam is literally choked with cress, sedge, and flowers; even in the spot, a little higher up the bohereen, where five springs once fed the brook, the loss of the mill work has caused stagnation, and the water no longer murmur gently or glance merrily in the sunlight. The mill—Cannistown, or Canice, or Kenny's town mill—was still worked forty years ago; it was, I believe, the emigration and then the free trade that ended its career—but what a home like scene that was in happy, prosperous times one can easily realize from its surroundings. The mill stands on one of the many slopes of the wave-like land of the district; below is a narrow glade, then the meadows slope gently up again to the level. Here, as we stood beside the once busy mill, we saw the mowers at work in the fields; the sharpening of their scythes, the swish of the grass, the hum of voices came across on the still air; two pet sheep and a most friendly collie came poking their heads against us, as if very anxious to impress each of us with the fact that if there are few beings now about the once happy scenes, the few there are

ARE EXCEEDINGLY FRIENDLY

and good to strangers. I could not but hope, as I walked among those scenes, that before very long some little work will be done by the present owner to clear up and beautify, by some simple means, this spot so dear to one whose heart turned to these scenes around his early home as to the loveliest, because best loved, spots on earth. It gave me pleasure to learn that the place has now become the property of the highly respectable and intelligent family of Mr. Dungan, the last of the millers, and that soon the old spot that they too love so well will once again delight the eyes of all who make a pilgrimage to it. Mr. Dungan has "the sheltered cot, the cultivated farm," and, now he is secure in his holding, it will be for him a labor of love to re-create, as far as possible, the scene around the ruined mill. I like to fancy the never-failing brook cleared of its weeds and singing happily as it runs down by the bohereen, by the old mill, by those pretty meadows and by the sheltered cot around whose doors and windows clinging rose bushes bloom under the fresh yellow thatch. Thatch above all. In the country nothing looks so beautiful, so entirely in keeping with trees and fields—so suggestive of comfort within.

With kind thoughtfulness Mr. Dungan showed us every spot of interest and gave us some of each flower growing in and around brook and mill—the fragrant meadow sweet, blue forget-me not, the rosy marsh pink, oxeye daisy, pennyroyal, ceanna-boddagh (the stingy man's head), and many another, together with the beautiful tea-rose that promises in a year or two, with good training, to cover the miller's own house, where we make acquaintance with all the family whose united ages make 300 years. How I regretted we could not pass some time in the immediate neighborhood, to glean from their long memories all the traditions that must be stored up there.

The house stands immediately beside the foundations, yet visible, of one of the castles of the Dillons, who, from the thirteenth century, were Lords of Machaire Cuirene, now Kilkenny West, in which barony Lissoy stands.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

**A Literary Sensation.**

Since the departure of Amelie Rives-Chanler from this country almost immediately after her marriage, we have had only brief newspaper paragraphs concerning her life and literary intentions. Not a little curiosity has been displayed as to the possibility of her complete withdrawal from the field of letters. It is now nearly three years since anything of importance has appeared from her pen, but no one has believed that the exceptionally brilliant author of "A Brother to Dragons" had finished her career as a writer. A recent paragraph in the daily papers announced the fact that Mrs. Rives Chanler was hard at work upon a new novel destined to arouse the entire literary world by its artistic merit and bold originality. There have been many conjectures advanced as to the probable source through which the new novel would be given to the public. Notwithstanding the high prices which Mrs. Chanler demands for her manuscripts, it was known that many publishers were in the field in competition for her latest work. While many rumors were afloat, the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* had quietly secured it and placed it in the hands of a famous artist in Paris for illustration. It is announced now that the first chapters will appear in the August number of the *Cosmopolitan*, and that, in the estimation of critics who are most competent to judge, this last story will be the most finished, as well as interesting, product of this versatile Southern pen. The story is likely to be the literary sensation of the year. Its publication in the *Cosmopolitan* is a guarantee that it will contain nothing of the kind that excited criticism in Amelie Rives' earlier productions.


It is conjectured that a specific may yet be found for every ill that flesh is heir to. However this may be, certainly the best specific yet found for diseases of the blood is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from impure blood.

THE

# SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

# United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XLVII—(Continued)

THE DEATH OF TONE.

The repast provided for the hungry traveler did not belie the encomiums passed upon the hostelry by the stranger. Eugene did it ample justice, listening intently meanwhile to the information conveyed to him by his companion as to the course events had taken in the metropolis and Leinster during the past six months. He was surprised to learn that most of the men whom he met the night he left for France—whose hearts beat high then with the golden hope of liberty and freedom—had perished in the prison or on the scaffold. The light of their lives had gone out as the hopes of the nation had flickered and died — drowned in blood.

There was a pause at the conclusion of the information—each being engaged with his own sad thoughts.

Finally Eugene said:

"You know Seamore?—the Barringtons of Seamore?"

The stranger nodded assent.

"Redmond Barrington?"

"The stranger again assented.

"Perhaps you could tell me—I may not have the opportunity of hearing again—in this world at least——"

A hurried rap came to the door.

The stranger went softly and opened it.

"Oh, is that you, Luke?" said he. "Come in; none here but friends."

The new comer entered, a curious look on his face.

And as he did—a curious look grew also into Eugene's eyes—but not of the same character. For, whereas the expression on the new comer's face was that of horror and surprise, that on Lefebre's was compounded of recognition and pleasure.

"What is it, Luke?" said Eugene's companion, as he took notice of this expression. "There must be some bad news. What is it?"

The new comer muttered some words which Eugene failed to hear.

"What!" cried his companion, in great astonishment. "Dead! Who said so? When did you hear it?

The reply was again lost on Eugene's

"My God! It is murder—pure murder! It is the fate of Oliver Bond over again. Done to death by a cowardly hand in the silence and solitude of the prison cell. Oh, me! that such deeds should be permitted by Heaven!"

"What is the news?" asked Eugene, advancing towards them, struck by the look of dismay and horror that covered his companion's face. "Any news from France?"

"Oh, M. Lefebre! such news—such shocking news!"

"From France?" cried Eugene, whose mind reverted there at once.

"Oh, no! From——"

"Seamore?" cried Eugene again, filled with fresh apprehensions of he knew not what. In truth, the look of trouble and horror on his companion's face had now reflected itself in his own heart, and a hundred evil forebodings were crowding therein.

"The news is from—Tone!" said his companion huskily.

"Tone!" ejaculated Eugene. "What of him—what of him? Has he escaped?"

"He has," said his companion in a broken voice—"escaped from further troubles in this world. They have murdered him!"

"What!" cried Eugene, who scarcely believed he heard aright.

"It is true enough, M. Lefebre. Tone will never see the sun rise above the hills of Ireland again. He is dead."

"Dead! How did it happen? of his wound?"

"Of his wounds surely—but of wounds the assassin gave him in the darkness and silence of the prison cell. They have put out the report that he has caused his own death. It is the old, old story—old as Irish history and Saxon conquest—the poison cup and the midnight dagger for those they fear."

"But is it really true?" asked Eugene doubtingly.

"True enough," said the new comer; "see here!"

Looking at the official bulletin which he produced, published in an extra issue of the evening paper, Eugene saw that it announced the death of Theobald Wolfe Tone in the prison cell by his own hand.

"By his own hand!" said Eugene's companion in a burst of rage and sorrow. "By the hand of the midnight assassin in the silence of the dungeon! That is how it was! They have compassed his death and avoided the vengeance of Bonaparte at one and the same time. Oh, robbers and assassins! From the days of Mullaghmast to the present, the race is the same. The poisoned wine bowl and the secret skein for those whom they fear. As it is now, so it will be in future when a foe arises ever whom England fears—really fears! O Ireland! Ireland! will thy day-star never rise!"

This news, corroborated as it was subsequently by other reliable visitors and friends, put an end to the efforts intended for his liberation, and the assembled men secretly and silently departed for their various homes.

With a heart heavy with sorrow for his friend's untimely ending, Eugene prepared to depart too. There was no further there need for his service. The patriotic soul of the gallant and chivalrous Irishman was where nor Saxon guile nor treachery could reach it, and there was nothing further to be done.

"You do not remember me, I suppose?" asked he of the new comer.

The latter, filled with deep dejection and astonishment at the news whereof he was the bearer, had never once looked at the third party in the apartment. He lifted his eyes to his face now at the question addressed him, and, as he did so, the gleam of recognition that shone in his questioner's eyes flashed out from his own, and he fell back a pace or two.

"Eugene Lefebre!" he exclaimed.

"It is I, indeed, Luke, and delighted to see you. How are all in Seamore?"

"Oh, M. Lefebre!" said Luke, in his astonishment unheeding the latters question, "where have you been through all these troubled times in Ireland? Where did you come from? Or, can I believe my eyes that it is you that's in it."

"It is I, indeed, Luke. And where I have been it would be too long to tell. How is Helen Barrington, and all in Seamore?"

"I am going there now," said Luke. "I have not been there for months."

"So am I," said Eugene. "We shall be together."

"You had better disguise yourselves a little then," said Eugene's entertainer, "these are not times when strangers can pass through Dublin without danger or without detection."

So saying, he produced for them two large overcoats, similar to those worn by the yeomen, and which, he assured them, would be a sufficient disguise.

"I am sorry," he said, as they prepared to depart, "you do not carry more cheering news with you. The stars have fought against us—the fates have been on the side of the Saxon again. I can only wish you a happier and more successful career in France than you have had in this crushed and bleeding land. Good bye."

"I should wish to know your name," said Eugene, as he put forth his hand to his late companion. "One who was prepared to risk his life for his friend as you were—his name and memory is worth preserving."

"His name," said his companion, as he warmly shook the proffered hand, "is Dwyer—Michael Dwyer of the Wicklow hills!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

RETURNED.

We pass over the incidents that succeeded the return of Redmond. Full of interest or otherwise, the years move by with slow and steady succession. Old Time takes little heed of human passions, love, pleasure, and delight; to others it may bring wrinkled faces, whitening hair, corroding cares, and dim eyes. It is all one to him, however; he turns with ceaseless and unvarying monotony, and the years pass on by slow and steady succession into the depths of the vanished past.

Wherefore it was that two years passed over Seamore since our last presence there, and Hallow Eve night of the year 1798 had come. Many changes had come over the land in the interim, and Seamore showed palpably enough that changes had come to it likewise.

For the old gathering had departed. The spacious kitchen that we have seen full of pleasant faces in the opening chapters of our story was nearly empty. The logs burned, no doubt, with undiminished brightness on the hearth; but they shone on no row of laughing faces, and the shadows they threw on the walls were weird, grotesque, and mocking in their very grotesqueness.

"An', Grannie honey," said Norah, for they alone sat at the fire, the others having departed to their beds, leaving the two to continue their conversation in whispers, "wasn't it quare that he never turned up? Who would have thought that goin't out for a walk, after parting with Redmond, we should never lay eyes upon him agaim. What could have happened him?"

"I don't know, Norah," said the old woman, crying feebly, as she pursued her wonted task of knitting, the tears falling on her ball of worsted as she did so. "May be the waves swept him away and drowned him. Who knows? Who can tell?"

"I'll engage they didn't," said Norah. "Eugene Lefebre was not likely to lose himself that way. But I'll tell you what happened him. The sojers caught him, and they either shot or hung the poor young fellow. That's what happened. An' faix it was no wan or two or thre that was there to do it—for it's little his brave heart and strong arm would care for half a dozen ov 'em—no more nor Luke, poor fellow!"

The sudden twist in Norah's thoughts from the young gentleman of whom she was first speaking to Luke had the effect bringing the tears into her eyes also.

"Ay, Luke, poor fellow! I wonder where is he now," said the old housekeeper, whose sympathetic heart beat strongly for Norah's troubles.

"Wherever he is, there are not many like him," said Norah, throwing a fresh log on the fire to shadow its brightness and hide her tears. "The heart in his body was sound and thrue, an' wherever he goes there's no wan need be ashamed of him."

"An' why did he go, Norah asthore?—you never told me that."

"He was hiding in Wicklow," said Norah, now giving full vent to her sorrow, "after the battle of Arklow—he got a bullet in the breast there, Grannie honey, an' a thrust from a sojer's sword; but he was gettin' all right, an' I was mindin' him, an' he was in safe hidin', until that unlucky ring turned up again."

"Anan, honey?" queried the old woman, not understanding.

"Ay, Grannie, the ring Eugene gave me the night he went away. I don't know what was the reason of id, but I never could bring myself to tell him how I came by it. I am sorry now I didn't; but I thought then he no right to be inquirin' or misdoubtin' me, and it pleased me to keep the mysthery over him. But, Grannie dear, who would have thought it? Because I wouldn't tell him, he left the house, wounded and ill as he was, athout sayin' a word to anyone, one mornin', and sailed from Arklow to France—just when all danger was over to him."

The girl's tears fell bitterly now, and without restraint.

"Norah, aroon, machree," said the old woman, "Eugene brought throuble to you as well as to everyone else. It was the sad an' sorrowful time this night two years that he came to Seamore. He brought the curse with him, my dear—he brought the curse with him."

"I don't know, now, why you should say that, Grannie," said Norah, with a girl's chivalrousness, taking the part of the absent one. In truth, when Norah bethought her of the handsome foreigner, his courteous ways, his frank smile, and his airy good humor, the old housekeeper's words grated on her, and her kindly heart yearned to the lost visitor. "I don't know why you should say that. There couldn't be bad luck around or near him, for, if all we'er told is true, it's the very height of good luck should be where his light step, handsome eyes, and merry laugh were. An', Grannie," continued she, drying her eyes and sinking her voice, "wasn't it well for Miss Helen—God forgive him!—I never can call her the other name!—that he came, or how would she be now? The wife of another's husband. And how would that dear girl his sister be, if he hadn't come? There are two—an' between you an' me, Grannie, you'll find it hard to match them for handsome and winning girls—that his coming saved. Think you, would they be as happy as they are now at Seamore if he hadn't come? An'," said Norah, the tears growing into her eyes again, "if he was the means of putting between Luke and myself, it was not his fault but my own. I could have aisily explained an' settled it all if I had sense—but I hadn't. An' the young misthress, I'm sure an' certain she'll never forget the handsome——"

"Norah, aroon," said the old woman, finishing her knitting and tying stocking needles and all up in a roll, as she prepared to raise her bent form from her seat, "there's the clock striking twelve. Every one in the house has the first sleep over now. We ought to be in bed long ago."

"They're not all in bed," said Norah, unwilling to dry up the flood of gentle reminiscences and regrets that were welling up into her affectionate breast. "Miss Helen nor the young ladies haven't gone to bed yet, for I can hear them talkin' in——"

"Hush!" said the old woman interruptingly, "there's some one near the door! There's some people in the orchard!" She held up the stocking in her extended hand as a warning for silence.

"There's nobody," said Norah. "It's the ladies upstairs you hear talking in their bedroom. You can hear them down the chimney wall."

"There's somebody comin' through the orchard, Norah."

"No. It's Miss Helen that's comin' down. She has not gone to bed yet. I hear her footsteps. Here she is!" continued Norah, as the young lady entered the kitchen.

"I was wondering if you remembered, Grannie dear," said Helen, as she glided softly in and seated herself between them, "this night two years; and I came down to talk with you for a few minutes, my dear old——"

The old woman with a motion of her stocking beckoned back the embrace about to be bestowed on her.

But her warning of silence was quickly broken in upon as the wicket gate into the orchard was suddenly slammed to, the latch of the kitchen door lifted, and two men heavily muffled up entered.

It was the time when midnight visits were the law of the land, and no family, however respectable, was safe from military intruders.

Before the sudden shudder of alarm that seized the girl had time to take effect in a scream or otherwise, one of the strangers had dropped his outer covering and stood revealed in his true presence.

"Eugene!" was the astonished cry that came to Helen's lips as her eyes fell on his face, and her cheeks grew ashy white.

If Norah were inclined to cry aloud—which, judging from her trembling lips and eyes, it is more than probable she was—any efforts in that direction were completely rendered abortive by the overwhelming squeeze which Luke Mahone gave her when he caught her, which he quickly did, in his arms.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CONCLUSION.

We shall not weary our readers over the joyousness of the meetings in Seamore that night, nor the narrative which Eugene gave of his adventures for the past two years.

Nor anything further.

Only this: That shortly after, in the drawing room of Seamore there stood one Sunday morning quite a number of people. The priest had finished saying mass, and seemed about to perform a further office. A quiet family group apparently, but none the less impressed with the unmistakable signs of high standing and worth.

The priest says—his Spanish accent betrayed him as having studied in Valladolid or Coimbra:

"I, Eugene Lefebre,—say the words after me—'I, Eugene Lefebre' "—

"Nay, nay, good father," said the young Frenchman courteously, bowing most respectfully. "Not Eugene Lefebre, but—Henri Prince de Joinville."

"Prince de Joinville!" said the priest in amazement. He had learned the extraordinary reverence paid to the august name in the Peninsula and in France. Who had not?

"It is even so, reverend father. The proofs are here—have lain here"—pointing to the cabinet—"undisturbed for twenty years. I am indeed, as was my unhappy father before me, Prince de Joinville. That title has been in abeyance for years, but I am here to offer it, with my heart, to her who is to share its perils with me. If I have brought trouble and sorrow, if my father brought trouble and sorrow before me, the fault was not his nor is it mine—it is fate. It is the unhappy fortune that has always attached itself to the Bourbons. In that fortune, however, I am quite prepared to take my part. Nor shall the beautiful girl that stands beside me as my bride regret to share it with me."

What further might have been said I don't know, but a gentle touch on Eugene's arm from Norah recalled him to the fact that there were other ceremonies than that in which he took part to be performed that morning. "I suppose," said Norah in her pleasant way afterwards, "Eugene thought that there was nobody but Helen and himself in the world, but Luke an' I had a notion to the differ, and so had Redmond and Kate Howard."

* * * * * * *

High up in the roll of famous French dignitaries, on that proud escutcheon whereon kingly hands have graven their names, may be seen inscribed the name of Helen Barrington. There are people, no doubt, who will disbelieve this story; but there are stranger things in heaven and on earth than are dreamt of in philosophy; and it is true in history and in fact that in the veins of the legitimate kings of France runs, with all the freshness of latter times, the blood of an Irish girl—the heiress of the Barringtons of Seamore.

[THE END]

# IS IT VALID?

## A Cogent Argument Against the Constitutionality of the Lottery Law.

### It is Claimed that Congress Transcended Its Constitutional Powers in Passing It.

Honorable James C. Carter, the eminent jurist of New York city, has filed a very able, learned and interesting brief in the supreme court of the United States on the question of the constitutionality of the lottery law. Mr. Carter's client, George W. Dupre, was indicted Feb. 19, 1891, in the circuit court of the United States for the eastern district of Louisiana, for mailing a newspaper containing an advertisement of a lottery, contrary to the provisions of Sec. 3894 of Revised Statutes of the United States. He demurred to the indictment, and his demurrer was, upon argument, overruled, and he was thereupon surrendered by his bail and committed to the custody of the United States marshal to be held until discharged by due course of law.

He thereupon filed his petition in the supreme court praying for a habeas corpus and certiorari to the end that he might be discharged from his imprisonment. The ground of his petition is that the statute under which he was indicted is unconstitutional and void.

The provisions of the lottery law are so well known to the public that they do not need to be repeated here.

In his first point in presenting the case to the court, Mr. Carter defines the power of congress as limited in two ways. First, it can exercise no power which has not been conferred upon it by the constitution. Second, it cannot exercise the powers which have been thus bestowed in ways or for purposes which the constitution forbids.

His first proposition is that the statute in question (R.S., sec. 3894) is invalid, as being an attempt to exercise power not conferred upon congress.

In support of this proposition Mr. Carter says:

"It is not denied that congress, in the exercise of the power conferred upon it by the constitution to establish postoffices, and post-roads, is clothed with the full incidental power of regulating such offices and rords; in other words, mail service. Nor is it denied that this incidental power of regulation embraces the power of so limiting the carriage of matter by mail as to render that service practicable; and consequently embraces a power of excluding matter from the mails for that purpose and to that extent. What we do assert is that any incidental powers which congress may thus exercise must be such only as, in the

LANGUAGE OF THE CONSTITUTION,

"are necessary and proper" for carrying into execution a general power expressly conferred; and that whether any such incidental power is "necessary and proper" must be, as this court has always it, a judicial question.

The last above stated proposition was early settled by one of the most celebrated judgments of Marshall.

The first form which the judicial inquiry assumes is whether the means employed by congress in executing its admitted powers are appropriate, and apparently conducive to the legitimate end. If they are so, it matters not whether or not they are the best and most effective means. Congress may fail in the effort to select these. But they must be means; in other words they must have some relation to the end—some tendency to accomplish it. Applying this test, the statute in question is plainly invalid. This seems scarcely to admit of debate.

The legitimate end is to furnish mail facilities to the people of the United States; and this means to all the people of the United States. No argument will be expected from us to show that the power thus bestowed upon congress was not one to furnish mail facilities to such persons as congress might, from caprice or favor or any arbitrary motive, choose to grant them.

The attempt in 1836 to procure the enactment of a law to prevent the delivery from the postoffices of alleged incendiary publications on the subject of slavery called forth an earnest debate in the United States senate. Webster at once seized upon the essential vice of such legislation. He declared "that congress had not the power, drawn from the character of the paper, to decide whether it should be carried in the mail or not."

The same view was supported by Senators Davis of Massachusetts, Calhoun of South Carolina, Clay of Kentucky and others. There was no pretense made by any one participating in the debate that the measure was in any way conducive to the end of establishing a mail service.

Mr. Carter cites innumerable decisions of the court in support of his propositions, and then goes on to say that no one will assert that congress has power to suppress lotteries any more than it has to suppress any other employment or pursuit. If congress had enacted a law directly forbidding under penalties the carrying on of the lottery business in any state, there would be no hesitation in any court in declaring it to be unconstitutional.

Inasmuch as a denial of mail facilities to persons wishing to carry on any particular pursuit must, of necessity, so far impede it as to greatly abridge the extent to which it may be carried on, and in many instances render it impossible; and as the argument under notice asserts the absolute right of congress, in its uncontrollable discretion, to refuse the facilities in any case (and such was Mr. Buchanan's view), it involves the assertion that congress has the right, by such action, to break up, or impede, any business or employment.

What power did congress really exercise when enacting this exclusion? Not certainly a power of regulating the mail service in order to make that service practicable, convenient and efficient.

The real power which congress attempted exercise was to hamper and impede, and, if possible, to destroy, the lottery business, in order to protect the people of the United States from the assumed demoralizing and dangerous tendency of lotteries. Inasmuch as no one pretends that congress may pass a law directly suppressing lotteries on the ground that they have an immoral tendency or, indeed, on any ground whatever, the question is whether it can pass a law, not directly suppressing them by declaring them to be crimes, but harassing and obstructing them by withdrawing from them facilities which are under its control, for no other reason than that it deems them crimes which it would suppress if it had the power.

This question must be promptly answered in the negative, for the power thus attempted to be exercised is a power to suppress lotteries and that alone. No such power can be derived from any express language in the constitution, nor by any just implication from any language in it. More than this, the possession of any such power by congress is utterly inconsistent with the whole theory of the

CONSTITUTIONAL RELATIONS

between the general government and the States.

Nothing is clearer than that the carrying on of a lottery, or the dealing in the lottery business, or with a lottery, is, in every instance, an act done within a state, and the power to declare such acts crimes, or to punish them as such, or to obstruct or impede them because they are crimes, is lodged exclusively with the State governments. They possessed this power before the adoption of the constitution. They did not part with it by that adoption. Indeed, nothing was more sedulously guarded against by that instrument than the notion that the States had parted with any of their governmental rights over the conduct of their own citizens upon their own soil, except in respect to such concerns as were expressly intrusted to the federal government.

In respect to all rights other than those thus excepted, that government was to be as absolutely powerless as if it were a foreign state. To borrow the language of Mr. Chief Justice Waite in the United States vs Cruikshank (92 U. S. 542,550): "Within the scope of its powers, as enumerated and defined, it is supreme above the states; but beyond, it has no existence."

Whether a citizen of Louisiana, or of Maine, may carry on the lottery business, or do any act in the transaction of any business with a lottery, must therefore depend on the laws of those States respectively.

DIRECT LEGISLATION OF A STATE.

If congress may disfavor one occupation or business by withdrawing from it the benefit of the mails, it may another. Should those who favor the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks, obtain a majority in the national councils—and, perhaps, that is now within their power—they may forbid the carriage of mail matter relating to that business. And what limit could be set by this court to such an assumption of authority?

But the statute in question is invalid, not only for the reason that none of the powers conferred upon congress were sufficient to authorize it, but also because congress was by an express restriction upon the exercise of those powers, prohibited from making such a law. It is a law "abridging the freedom of the press" within the meaning of the first amendment.

At this point Mr. Carter reviewed at length the history of English jurisprudence on the liberty of the press, explaining the evolution from the period when it was in utter subjection to the state through its various trials and vicissitudes until it reached a condition of unquestioned freedom. He then took up the inquiry as to whether the statute under consideration is a law abridging that freedom. That such is its character is very clear, he said.

That freedom, he continued, includes not only the liberty of printing, but the liberty of publishing. The former would be empty, indeed, without the latter. And the liberty of publishing must be co-extensive with the liberty of printing. And what is publishing? It is the communication to others of what is printed; in other words, it is circulating. Publishing and circulating are admitted to be synonymous. And what was the liberty of publishing what existed at the time of the adoption of the constitution? It was the liberty of circulating printed matter in all practicable and permissible forms, of which that by mail was by far the principal mode. It included letters, newspapers and packets.

The statute forbids the carriage by mail of any newspaper, circular, pamphlet or publication of any kind containing matter concerning, it may be, a thousand objects, if it also contains "any advertisement of any lottery or gift enterprise of any kind offering prizes dependent upon any lot or chance, or containing any list of the prizes awarded at the drawings of any such lottery or gift enterprise." Thus, no man can circulate a newspaper in any state except upon condition that he consents to forego the benefit to be derived from any such advertisement, although

IT MAY BE ENTIRELY LEGAL

in such state. Of course the conditions may, if this may be allowed, be extended to any other advertisement relating to any business or subject; and thus the power is directly asserted by this legislation of congress to control the character of the whole newspaper press; for no one will pretend that the publication of newspapers is possible, on any large scale, if the benefit of the mail service is denied to them. If this power exists, what stands in the way of excluding newspapers which contain matters advocating the tariff or free trade, or the doctrines, or the candidates, of a particular party?

And still further: The statute creates a censorship. Had it forbidden only the depositing in the mail of the matter described, it might be urged that every one was at liberty to make such deposit, subject to the hazard of being indicted and punished, and, therefore, that there was no previous restraint. But the prohibition forbids the postmaster from delivering any such newspaper, circular, pamphlet or publication. It arrests publication for it arrests the communication of the matter to the public, or to those for whom it is intended. And whether publication should be thus arrested is submitted to the judgment of a postmaster! This is a perfect restoration of the censorship. That, indeed, as formerly existing, was interposed a stage earlier. It forbade the printing until the imprimatur was given. But this is interposed before publication, which is the essence of the censorship. It is previous restraint. The withholding of the imprimatur of the postmaster is as effective as the withholding of the imprimatur of the censor.

One learned judge, startled by the sweeping scope of the language, which as clearly embraces the mailing of the prohibited matter to lottery dealers as by lottery dealers, has declared it incredible that congress could have intended to punish a man for a criminal offense who had simply written a letter to a lottery dealer, even if it were to order a ticket, and has cut down the statute so as to limit its prohibitions to lottery dealers. (United States vs. Clark, 22 Federal Reports, 708) If a statute embraces provisions, some of which are within and some beyond the legislative power, the former may be saved if they can be read separately from the latter; but the separation cannot be effected by a heroic construction. Courts must untie knots, not cut them. "It would certainly be dangerous if the legislature could set a net large enough to catch all possible offenders, and leave it to the courts to step inside and say who could rightfully be detained and who should be set at large. This would, to some extent, substitute the judicial for the legislative department of government." [United States vs. Reese, 92 U. S., 214 241.]

CONGRESS HAD NO DIRECT POWER WHATEVER.

That congress has power to exclude from the mail any publication or letter tending to promote murder, arson, burglary, larceny—anything which is *malum in se*—or anything which tends to facilitate the commission of acts which it has power under the constitution to declare to be crimes, and punish as such—piracy, and counterfeiting the coin, for instance, is not questioned.

Hence it has the power to forbid the mailing or delivery of obscene books or pictures. The publication or circulation of these was a perfectly well known offense at common law.

There are, as there were at the time of the adoption of the constitution, two methods by which printed matter might be circulated; one public, and the other private.

The former was the principal one upon which the whole public mainly relied. It was constant, regular, abundant and sure; and, moreover, it had the capacity by law of excluding the other from the field, if not absolutely, at least for the most part, and of thus increasing its own efficiency. There was, and is, a similar, if not as great, difference between the methods as between the sending of merchandise by railroad and by private conveyance. This principal method of circulation is denied to certain printed matter, and yet it is declared that the freedom of circulation is not abridged!

It is quite evident that this conclusion proceeds upon the view—it can stand upon no other—that the freedom of circulating, admitted to be tantamount to freedom of publishing, is not abridged so long as the citizen has the right to circulate printed matter in any private manner which he alone, or with the assistance of others, may contrive, and has reference only to the right to circulate, and no reference to any right to enjoy the usual public means of circulating which his fellow-citizens enjoy, and for which he is taxed and made to pay in common with them.

Against this view it seems to us more in accordance with sense and reason to say that the emphatic declaration of the constitution made to forever preserve the

PRINCIPAL SAFEGUARD OF LIBERTY,

that congress should not pass any law abridging the freedom of the press, is violated by any law which takes away any of the ordinary methods of circulating printed matter.

There are two principal questions in this case, and none more important have ever been submitted to this tribunal. The first is whether congress may, in virtue of its authority to make laws necessary and proper in order to carry into execution the powers expressly granted to it pass a law manifestly and avowedly for the sole purpose of suppressing a business within a State, which that State has the right to authorize, and over which congress has no direct control. The second is whether a law prohibiting the circulation of certain written and printed matter open to no objection save that it relates to a certain business not criminal in itself, and permitted by the laws of some of the States, by the ordinary and usual means of circulation provided by law for the public generally, abridges the freedom of circulation, and, by consequence, the freedom of the press.—*Boston (Mass.) Herald.*

"It is a fact," that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

**The Race Problem Even in Australia.**

Sir George Grey thinks that a barrier against the participation of New Zealand in Australian federation is to be found in the colored labor question, which he believes is one of the first difficulties which an Australian federal parliament will have to face. He has declared that the northern territories, if they are to be worked at all, must be worked with colored labor, and although he is opposed to the employment of Chinese labor, thinks that Kanakas and Indian coolies might wisely be employed in the north.

Sir George Grey's information differs entirely from my own, which is to the effect that even in the event of a division of the colony of Queensland the majority of the people in the north would oppose the introduction of colored labor, and I regard it as most unlikely that this question will be raised in the federal parliament, should it meet, or at least be raised with the slightest chance of a reversal of the recent policy of exclusion of colored labor.

No doubt the growing of tropical produce upon the northern coast will be prevented, if I am right, but I firmly believe that the Australian people have made up their minds that the continent is to be reserved for white men, and that those industries which cannot be supported by white labor are not to be encouraged upon Australian soil.—Sir Charles Dilke in Forum.

**Tradition of Scotland's Thistle.**

Queen Scotia had led her troops in a well fought battle, and when the day was won retired to the rear to rest from her toils. She threw herself upon the ground where, as ill luck would have it, a bristly thistle grew. Whether the fair amazon fought in the national costume of Scotland or not the tradition fails to say, but at any rate the spines of the offending plant were sufficiently powerful to penetrate the skin in a very painful manner. A proverbial philosopher has said that "he that sitteth upon nettles riseth quickly," and the same remark holds good with thistles.

Queen Scotia sprang to her feet and tore the thistle out by the roots. She was about to cast it aside, when it struck her that the prickly herb would henceforth be ever associated in her mind with the glorious victory which she had just gained. Her intention was changed. She placed the thistle in her cask, and it became the badge of her dynasty.—St. Louis Republic.

**Lost a Good Story.**

A reporter called at the house of a prominent city pastor who had been down with pneumonia. His wife answered the door bell.

"How is the doctor?"

"Much better, thank you."

A shade of disappointment mirrored itself on the reporter's face, and he said in a tone which showed that he felt aggrieved, as one who had been robbed of a sensational item: "Well, they told me at the office that the Rev. Mr. B—— was at the point of death, and that your husband was very low. I've just called at the Rev. Mr. B——'s office and I find that he's got well and gone out. And now you tell me your husband is better," sighing. Then, with a hopeful look, he asked quickly:

"Is there any likelihood of a relapse?"

"Mercy!" cried the frightened wife, "I hope not!"

"Good morning, then," said the sad reporter.—St. Louis Republic.

**The Power of the Electric Current.**

Professor Elihu Thompson is led to conclude, after long and elaborate experimentation, that the alternating current's power to destroy life is in inverse ratio to the number of alternations per second. It took, for example, twenty times as strong a current to kill a dog when the alternations were 4,500 per second as when they were 120 per second. When the alternations were 300 per second the current was only half as dangerous to life as when the alternations were 120.—Exchange.

**At the Picture Gallery.**

"Sir, I am a painter myself, and ought to be a good judge. I tell you that is a splendid bit of work."

"I don't see it; still I am delighted to come across a painter who doesn't run down his fellow artists!"

"Excuse me, sir, but the picture is mine."—Le Pelerin.

# HARD ON THE PRINCE.

## Newspaper Comment on the Apology of Wales.

### A CUSHION TO SOFTEN HIS FALL.

**Editorials in The London News and Chronicle—Placing the Field Marshal on a Level with a Private—President De Fonseca's Remarks at the Opening of the Brazilian Parliament — Foreign News Notes of General Interest.**

LONDON, June 16.—The News says: "We venture to say that the Prince of Wales' new departure in substantially apologizing to parliament and to the country exhibits a just deference to public opinion, and will dispose of the whole matter. The pain which the unpleasant process must have cost the prince will count as a part of his expiation with every generous mind. The fact of an ill-assorted companionship of years and dignities on the stool of repentance, though it is an honor for Levett, must be an additional annoyance for the Prince of Wales."

**What The Coronicle Says.**

The Chronicle cavils at the government and the war office for providing a cushion to soften the Prince of Wales' fall. Instancing the case of a private who was degraded for shelding a comrade who stole a trifle while drunk, The Chronicle asks: "Why should a field marshal, the Prince of Wales, be treated differently? We get nothing in the shape of military benefit from placing royal persons in coveted posts in the army. The least we expect is that they remember that they wear the queen's uniform."

**Germany Responsible for Jew Baiting.**

LONDON, June 16.—The German professors, Virchow and Mommsen, accuse German anti-Semitism of being responsible for the present Russian persecution of Jews. Odessa dispatches say that many Baptists and Stundists have been expelled from Caucasus and deprived of their children, whom the government intends to educate in the orthodox faith. Similar acts are reported to have been committed in other parts of the country.

**Denies the Report.**

LONDON, June 16.—Lord Salisbury has received a dispatch from the British consul at Odessa denying the truth of the reports of an exodus of Russian Jews to England, and saying that the ticket agencies had received numerous inquiries from Jews who were desirous of emigrating to America. The agencies, however, had done but very little business, the majority of the emigrants going to Constantinople.

**Suicide of a Consul.**

CONSTANTINOPE, June 16.—M. Pelinski, Austro-Hungarian consul at Prisrend, Albania, has committed suicide. He had been censured by his government for having abolished the use of bells by the Catholic church at Prisrend in order to please the Turks.

**Population of England and Wales.**

LONDON, June 16.—The census returns for England and Wales indicate that the population of the two countries will aggregate 29,000,000, an increase in the past ten years of 3,000,000.

**Gladstone Well Again.**

LONDON, June 16.—Mr. Gladstone has entirely recovered from his recent illness, which was at no time serious enough to make necessary the calling in of physicians.

## ON THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER.

**Three of Uncle Sam's New Mortors Meet an Inglorious Fate.**

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 16.—Three of the new moftars for the United States government, each weighing fourteen ton, were drawn on an eight horse dray from the builders' iron foundry to the river front for shipment to the proving ground at Sandy Hook. Monday night they are resting ingloriously upon the mud on the bottom of Providence river. The steam lighter, Archer, of Fall River, was to transport the big guns, and two had been safely landed Monday afternoon and lay athwartship upon the deck. The third gun was in the air, carried by tackle rigged with one and one-half inch Russian hemp rope on the Archer's dock. The requisite height had been gained when the guy rope which was to swing the ponderous burden on board broke and the lighter began to careen as the heavy burden swung off. The big gun fell into the river with a mighty splash. The vessel's deck lay at an angle and the other two guns slid down into the water before she righted.

**Ghastly Find in Texas.**

DENISON, Tex., June 16.—The remains of two dead persons—a man and a boy—were discovered in the brush on the Nolan farm about four miles north of this place yesterday morning. The bodies were so decomposed that identification was impossible. All the circumstances point to a murder. They must have been strangers in this section, as no residents are missing. The clothing on the person of the man had been affected by the weather, but sufficient was left to denote that he had been well dressed. The boy was dressed in a cutaway suit, with the ordinary jacket. He was headless, but a skull was found near by.

**Ohio Republican Convention.**

COLUMBUS, Ohio, June 15.—The capital of the Buckeye state was bubbling over with Republican enthusiasm Tuesday. It was the biggest crowd that has been drawn together by any political state convention since war times. There were a score or more of workers to every delegate, and the hotels, club houses, as well as the department rooms of the state house were packed with energetic and perspiring advocates of one or other of the candidates whose names were placed before the convention. The lion of the hour, however, was Maj. William McKinley, whose nomination for the head of the ticket will be made by acclamation.

**Both Drew Their Revolvers.**

CINCINNATI, June 16.—A sensational shooting affair took place Monday afternoon in a florist's establishment between Charles W. White, a well-known attorney, and J. P. Slough, his son-in-law, recently employed by the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad. Slough and his wife have separated and she has brought suit for divorce. Slough has made charges against her which her father resents. When they met Monday afternoon they both drew revolvers. Ten shots were fired. White is badly, possibly fatally, injured, but Slough has only a wound in his right hand.

## THE ELLIOTT MURDER TRIAL.

**Testimony of a Man Who Was Talking with Osborn.**

COLUMBUS, June 16.—In the Elliott trial Monday David Reifsneider said that on the afternoon of Feb. 23 he was walking on High street, and his attention was attracted by the first shot fired. Turning in that direction he saw a man fire two more shots in his direction. He continued to move toward the north, but suddenly felt something strike him in the left breast over the nipple. Feeling alarmed he ran into a saloon to make an examination. He hurriedly jerked open his coat and the ball drooped to the floor, having failed to pierce the other garments. The shootist was within a few feet of him, and was described as being somewhat tall.

**Was Talking with Osborn.**

John A. Tarrier gave an account of the killing. He was engaged with Osborn in conversation when the Elliotts came up. Witness was about six inches from Osborn when the latter caught sight of Patsey Elliott, advancing diagonally across the pavement. Almost at the same instant he perceived Bill Elliott coming at him from the south, and not more than ten feet away. When within a few feet, Bill fired in the direction of Osborn, hissing s—— of a b——. The witness felt the wind of the bullet on his cheek and retreated to the stairway. He noticed Osborn throw his hand to his face and blood trickled from his chin. Osborn did not draw his gun until after he had been wounded.

**Died on a Passenger Train.**

LOGANSPORT, Ind., June 16.—Albert Lovie, aged 52 years, manager of the East India shawl company, died suddenly Sunday night of heart failure on a Pan-Handle passenger train while en route from Chicago to this city. Lovie was discovered to be dead when the train was nearing this city, where the conductor, in pursuance to Lovie's directions, attempted to wake him. Mrs. Lovie, who was in Chicago, was telegraphed for and arrived at noon Monday. She will return with the body to Chicago as soon as his business here is settled. Lovie was in comfortable circumstances and lived at 1349 Dunning street, Lake View, Chicago.

**Want Uncle Sam to Recoup Them.**

PHILADELPHIA, June 16.—The following resolution was adopted at a meeting of the association of depositors of the wrecked Spring Garden National bank Monday "That it is the sense of this meeting that some arrangement be made whereby suit may be brought against the United States government to recover our lost money, as the government is mainly responsible for our loss through the incapacity of its sworn officials." A resolution was adopted asking the president to inquire into the conduct of United States District Attorney Read with regard to the arrest of the officials of the Spring Garden bank.

**Fatal Railway Accident.**

SAN FRANCISCO, June 16.—Monday a collision occurred between the Los Angeles express and a freight train at Port Costa. The locomotives of both trains were badly smashed and the mail and express car on the passenger train were telescoped, Brakeman Jordan, of the freight, was killed, and Engineers Moore and Abbott and both firemen were hurt. C. H. Spurgeon, mail clerk, son of Mayor Spurgeon, of Santa Ana, was also killed, and six other mail clerks were seriously hurt. Several passengers were injured, but none fatally.

**Closed Out Their Deals.**

CHICAGO, June 16.—R. W. Dunham & Co., commission merchants and well-known operators, Tuesday morning closed out their deals on the board of trade and announced their retirement from the business of brokers and bankers. The announcement caused considerable excitement on the board, as the firm has been in business in this city for many years and has always been regarded as a solid institution. The members of the firm insist, however, that their action is not tantamount to a failure.

**Suicide of a Farmer's Daughter.**

MCLEANSBORO, Ills., June 16.—Miss Rachel Burton, daughter of Thomas Burton, a farmer living six miles west of this place, committed suicide by jumping in a well on her father's farm and drowning. She left a note, which was found on a bed she had just made up, stating her intentions and where her body would be found. She had given no previous evidence of any such intent, but her parents' opposition to a love affair is supposed to be the cause of her suicide.

**Killed His Boy by a Beating.**

MADISON, Ind., June 16.—Stock Brown gave his stepson a brutal beating Monday, from the effects of which the lad died. He choked, kicked and injured him so horribly that he died within half an hour after the beating. Brown has been arrested for premeditated murder. He acknowedges that he beat the boy, but says that while he was whipping him the boy was seized with an epileptic fit, and that he died from that, and not from the beating.

**Been Trying Cases with Illegal Juries.**

WHEELING, W. Va., June 16.—A sensation has been caused in legal circles of the state by the discovery that over four-fifths of the juries drawn since the session of the legislature were drawn illegally. At its last session the legislature modified the jury laws, and owing to a misunderstanding the changes were generally disregarded. Dozens of important trials will be rendered void, and thousands of dollars lost.

**Killed His Boy and Himself.**

ALEXANDRIA, Va., June 16.—The Rev. Frank D. Lee, son of the late Cassius F. Lee, residing in the vicinity of the theological seminary in Fairfax county, in a spell of temporary aberration of mind, put an end to the life of his only son, aged 9 years, to whom he was devotedly attached, and then committed suicide with a pistol.

**Fond du Lac Indians Giving Trouble.**

CLOQUET, Minn., June 16.—Trouble on the Fond du Lac Indian reservation has broken out afresh. Sunday the Indians destroyed White McDonald's dam on Stony brook. They also threaten to derail the Duluth and Winnipeg trains and tear up the tracks if that road hauls any more cedar poles that are cut on the reservation.

**Murdered by Strikers.**

NEW YORK, June 16.—James Kelly, a non-union man employed in the Alcatta wood yard, was assaulted on Saturday as he left his work by a number of strikers. He was taken to a hospital, where he died Monday night of a fractured skull.

# WRECKS ON THE RAIL.

## Fatal Collision on the Louisville and Nashville Road.

### THE ENGINEER INSTANTLY KILLED,

**Fireman Gunn Fatally Injured, and Two Postal Clerks Badly Hurt—Twenty Passengers More or Less Seriously Injured in a Wreck on the Big Four Road—A Smash-Up on the Kansas Central—Miscellaneous Mishaps.**

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 15.—Train No. 53, the Chicago and Nashville flyer, was badly wrecked on the Louisville and Nashville railroad at Sebree, Ky., at 3 o'clock Saturday morning. Engineer Al Clark was killed, Fireman Gunn fatally injured and two postal clerks badly hurt. The passengers were badly shaken up and several were bruised, but none were seriously injured. The engine turned over and the baggage and the postal cars were completely wrecked. The accident was caused by some freight cars which had been allowed to stand on the main track and with which the passenger train collided.

**Caused by a Careless Engineer.**

LITCHFIELD, Ills., June 15.—Passenger train No. 23 on the Big Four was run into at 8:25 o'clock Saturday morning by a freight train, at right angles, completely demolishing the baggage car and one coach. Fully twenty passengers occupied the coach, which was destroyed, none of whom escaped without more or less injury. Thomas Clegg, a drummer of Mattoon, Ills., was fatally injured. Conductor A. R. Dixon and Brakeman J. M. Miller of the passenger train, were severely injured. The accident is said to have been caused by the carelessness of the engineer of the freight train.

**Engineer and Fireman Killed.**

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., June 15.—Word has reached this city of a bad wreck on the Kansas Central, by which the engine was derailed and thrown down an embankment near Savannah. Engineer James Manley and Fireman George Purcell were killed. Both were unmarried. No passengers were hurt.

## OTHER ACCIDENTS.

**Fatal Runaway at Washington City.**

WASHINGTON CITY, June 15.—Capt. R. S. Widdicombe, local manager of the Pabst Brewing company, while out driving on G street, was thrown from his buggy by his horse running away and coming in collision with a heavy furniture van. Capt. Widdicombe was thrown with great force against a cable car, striking the iron step in such a manner as to crush the skull and otherwise injuring Widdicombe. He was taken to the hospital where he died shortly afterward. Widdicombe was about 52 years of age and weighed over 200 pounds. He was very popular, and lately resigned a position in the railway mail service to manage the Pabst company's business here.

**Frightful and Fatal Accident.**

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., June 15.—A frightful accident is reported at Black's mill on the Vandermark in the lumber region of Allegany county. Jesse Ames, a young man, was employed running an edger at an unusually high rate of speed, when suddenly a long sharp edging was thrown from the saw, passing completely through the young man's body just above and between the hips. The mill hands cut the edging off close to the body. It was decided that the edging must be taken from the body. It is impossible for him to survive.

**A Mine Boss Instantly Killed.**

WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 15.—John Evans, fire boss at the Conygham shaft, operated by the Delaware and Hudson Coal company, was instantly killed Saturday morning by a fall of rock. He was making his usual morning examination of the mine prior to allowing the men to enter for work.

**Fate of an Alaskan Explorer.**

SAN FRANCISCO, June 15.—The members of an expedition who went to Alaska to prospect for minerals have returned after great hardships. One of their number, James Ingram, of San Diego, died of starvation, and his body was devoured by wolves.

**Two Killed and Others Injured.**

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., June 15.—A large stone store house, in course of construction, fell Friday afternoon, burying the men who were working on the building. Vincent Pacheco and Charles Heitzel were killed and five others badly injured.

**Instantly Killed by Lightning.**

LITTLE FALLS, Minn., June 15.—Lightning struck a house near this city Friday. There were six persons in the house at the time. Ola Nysluen was instantly killed and two others injured, but it is thought not fatally.

## TERRIBLE THING.

**A Discrepancy of $1 in Uncle Sam's Treasury Vaults.**

WASHINGTON CITY, June 15.—The count of the cash in the vaults of the treasury consequent on the recent change in office of treasurer has so far resulted in the discovery of a discrepancy of $1. This is missing from a bag of silver in a vault containing nearly $70,000,000. The bag broke open by its own weight and the decay of the canvas and its contents were scattered among the other bags in the vault. It contained 1,000 silver dollars, all but one of which were found and that one will probaly turn up before the examination of the vault is concluded. Otherwise ex-Treasurer Huston will have to make it good.

**Field of the National Flag.**

WASHINGTON CITY, June 15.—The following order was issued at the war department Saturday: "The field or the union of the national flag in use in the army will, on and after July 4, 1891, consist of forty-four stars in six rows, the upper and lower rows to have eight stars each, and the second, third, fourth and fifth rows seven stars each, in a blue field."

**Nina Van Zandt to Marry.**

CHICAGO, June 15.—It is reported that Nina Van Zandt, who gained brief notoriety by the remarkable interest she manifested in the Anarchist trial and by her proxy marriage with August Spies, the leader of the executed Anarchists, is soon to become the wife of S. S. Malato, an Italian. The date of the wedding is not announced

## THE KEYSTONE BANK FAILURE.

**A Report That Marsh Was Paid to Leave the Country.**

NEW YORK, June 12.—A special to The World from Philadelphia says the details of a conference that occurred on the Saturday night before President Marsh's flight would cast more light upon the mystery that envelopes the affairs of the Keystone bank than anything yet brought out. A large sum of money—said to be $30,000 each—was offered to Marsh and Lawrence to leave the country. They also received an assurance of one week's start on their way to liberty. Marsh accepted and sailed for Barbadoes on the following Wednesday under an assumed name.

**Refused the Offer.**

Mr. Lawrence, the assistant cashier, declined peremptorily. He said that whatever he had done had been at the direct command of Mr. Lucas and Mr. Marsh, and that he had never profited to the extent of one penny by the falsification of the books. He said he would face the music and give the committee all the information in his power. Bardsley was present at the meeting, and implored Marsh and Lawrence to go away until he could arrange matters. Bardsley never appears to have contemplated flight, but fully expected to have the bank reorganized and to come out of the entanglement safely.

## JUSTICE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

**Can't Hang a White Man, Be His Crime Ever so Bloody.**

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 15.—The fact that it is very difficult to find a South Carolina jury which will convict a white man of murder was again strikingly illustrated Saturday, when R. T. Jones, the famous Edgefield county "family exterminator," was found guilty of manslaughter in the Lexington county court. Six years ago Jones brutally and in cold blood murdered three of his kinsmen—Edward Presley, aged 78, and his two sons, Edward and Charles.

**Atrocious Crime of the Prisoner.**

He shot and cut them to death because they were planting a piece of land, concerning the title to which Jones and the Presleys had had a dispute. Previous to the trial just ended Jones was tried five times for his triple crime in Edgefield county, the jury in each instance failing to agree in spite of the fact that the evidence against him was overwhelmning. Jones will probably be given thirty years in the penitentiary, but declares he will poison himself before he will go there.

## LOANED HIM $1,000,000.

**Cause of the Prince of Wales' Friendship for the Wilsons.**

LONDON, June 15.—The Scottish Leader, of Edinburgh, says of the reported financial embarrassment of the Prince of Wales that at the time of the Baring Bros.' crisis a number of financiers who had loaned largely to the prince, were compelled to ask for the return of the money which they had advanced him. The sudden demands placed the heir-apparent in a most awkward situation for a time. It was at this juncture that young Wilson came to his assistance with a loan of (as The Leader has it) $1,000,000. This money enabled the prince to cancel his obligations to the pressing money lenders.

## DISASTER FOLLOWS PLEASURE.

**Four People Drowned in Shell Rock River, Iowa.**

ROCKFORD, Iowa, June 15.—A party of four, Miss Jessie Rollin, Miss Anna Kockler, C. H. Anderson, and A. D. Cooley, were out boat riding on the Shell Rock river. In some manner their boat capsized and all were thrown into the river. Their cries for help were heard, but before they could be reached all were drowned. The river was dragged and the bodies secured.

**A Brave Minnesota Girl.**

STILLWATER, Minn., June 15.—Miss Emma Loup, living at Loup's Lake, has just shown her bravery by rescuing two young men while fishing. The boat they were using capsized, and being unable to swim they would have drowned had not Miss Loup gone to their assistance. She had considerable difficulty in getting them into her boat from the "punt" to which they were clinging. As soon as she landed them they skulked away without even thanking her.

**Two Children Burned to Death.**

TOLEDO, Ohio, June 12.—A special to The Bee from Fostoria states that at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon fire was discovered in a barn in the rear of the residence of William Stewart, and before assistance arrived the two children of Mr. Stewart were burned to death. The children were playing with matches, and some of them igniting started the fire. One of the little ones was burned to a crisp, while the limbs of the other were completely consumed by the flames.

**Defaulter to a Large Amount.**

NEW YORK, June 12.—Julio Merzbacher, the Spanish-American agent of the New York Life Insurance company, retired nominally because of ill-health four months ago. Now it appears that Merzbacher is a defaulter to a large amount. An officer of the company admitted that the defalcation was in excess of $150,000, but from what can be learned from outside sources, it appears to be somewhere between $300,000 and $500,000.

**Ex-Senator McDonald's Condition.**

INDIANAPOLIS, June 15.—There has been a very decided change for the worse in ex-Senator McDonald's condition within the past twelve hours, and he is now so enfeebled that no hope is entertained of his recovery. He suffers very little pain and is quite cheerful, but he and his attendants regard the end as near. Mrs. McDonald is constantly at his bedside, and three physicians are in attendance.

**Negro Lynched in Tennessee.**

BRISTOL, Tenn., June 15.—A young negro named Bob Clarke was arrested for assaulting a white lady named Mrs. Warren. It is known that he has been trying force admissions into the houses of white people for some time past. At an early hour Saturday morning a mob of citizens took Clarke from jail and hanged him to a tree on the outskirts of the town.

**Baltimore Failures.**

BALTIMORE, June 15.—Samuel Straus, malster, has assigned; assets $50,000. The liabilities are supposed to be largely in excess of this amount.

Samuel Barth & Co., wholesale liquor dealers, have assigned. Philip Straus and Samuel Barth are the firm members. No statement of liabilities and assets has yet been made.

# THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The little son of Dr. Appleton, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was attacked by the dogs of a neighbor and mangled so badly that he will die. In trying to save him his mother was also badly bitten.

Great damage was done to growing crops in the vicinity of Olney, Ills., by a heavy hail storm.

At Williamsburg, Ky., Sidney Lewis, son of Judge Wilson Lewis, of Harlan county, was sentenced to the penitentiary for life for the murder of his father in February last.

The London county council has granted an appeal of the city firemen for an increase of 10 per cent. in their wages.

Thomas Bellhouse, an insurance agent, committed suicide at Rochester, N. Y., Saturday by jumping into the canal. The last thing he did was to pawn his wife's Bible and take the proceeds to pay up an insurance policy.

Near Waterville, Wash., last Wednesday Jacob von Bremen quarreled with his two brothers, John and Henry, over a division of stock and killed them both. The murderer fled on horseback.

Capt. W. B. Miller, manager of the Detroit Gas company, is missing. He is said to be a defaulter to the extent of $14,000.

The Sunday Plaindealer, a Knights of Labor publication, and The Weekly Independent, an Alliance paper, both published by H. B. Darling, at La Porte, Ind., have suspended publication owing to lack of support and financial backing.

T. O. Hall, a Duluth banker who failed last fall, has been indicted for receiving money as a banker when he knew that he was insolvent.

J. L. Campion, cashier of the Consolidated Tank Line company, was arrested at Omaha, Neb., for embezzlement.

At Hillsboro, Ills., Charles Barry and Chat Robinson, aged 10 and 12 years respectively, were sentenced to the reform school for three years.

Eugene Murtaugh, living near Cullom, Ills., was kicked in the stomach by a horse and died twenty-four hours later.

At Buffalo, Ky., a storm swept away the two saw-mills and destroyed growing crops to a great value. The streets of Buffalo were eighteen inches under water.

Gen. James Longstreet telegraphs from Gainesville, Ga., that recent press reports of his serious illness are untrue and that his health is excellent.

The losses of the Vatican from bad investments of Peter's pence amount to about $360,000.

At Louisville, Ky., John Hall, who was indicted for the murder of John Haywood, was shot and killed by John Haywood, Jr. Hall had threatened young Haywood's life.

For her present to the baby girl of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, her great grandchild, Victoria has salted away in consols £2,500 to roll up interest against the day when the child shall marry and want a dowry.

Three negroes decoyed Mrs. B. F. Ravelscroft, of Sharpsburg, Ky., away from her home and assaulted her. One of her assailants was captured.

The president will order an investigation of the Keystone National bank failure at Philadelphia.

A hat trimming case, involving $30,000,000 is on trial in the United States circuit court at Philadelphia.

Stock raisers who were driven off the Cherokee strip have returned their stock to former pastures. No less than 25,000 head of cattle are now grazing on the forbidden land.

Since the opening of the free out door gymnasium for women and girls on Charles Bank, near Boston, the average daily attendance has been about 1,200.

George D. Newman committed suicide near Decatur, Ills., by standing on a railroad track and letting an engine run him down. Newman was about 30 years of age and a stranger in Decatur.

A sharper giving the name of E. M. Raymond succeeded in interesting a number of gullible young men at Fort Scott, Kan., to invest in an imaginary gold mine. He left Fort Scott last Wednesday paying for his ticket with a worthless check.

Louis Grauman & Co., boot and shoe dealers at Louisville, have failed for $50,000.

A boiler exploded at Galena, Ills., in the factory of Beil & Reid. A son of Mr. Beil was killed.

United States Commissioner Ferguson, of Clebourne county, Alabama, has been temporarily suspended from office on the charge that he sold corn to illicit distillers.

Pierce N. Welch, of New Haven, is the donor of the proposed new dormitory at Yale. The building will cost $180,000.

John Cameron, a Scotchman fresh from Scotland, disappeared from St. Louis with papers, draft, and money amounting to £2,000 on his person. His wife fears foul play.

Randall Hunt, the leader of the Whig party of Louisiana before the war, has been stricken with paralysis at his home at Pass Christian, Miss., and can not recover. He is 80 years old.

B. F. Reid was killed from ambush near Madison, Miss.

Bill Matthews, a negro, who attempted to assault two young women, was lynched near Vernon, Ala.

James Hughes, secretary of assembly 231, Knights of Labor, convicted at Rochester, N. Y., last Saturday of extortion, was Tuesday sentenced to one year in state prison.

Col. H. P. Smith, general commander of Confederate veterans, is in favor of calling the rebellion the "war for southern independence."

Jacob Vandever, of Muscotan, Kan., has died of hydrophobia, being the third of four brothers bitten by a rabid dog to succumb to the disease.

President Emmet, of the National Federation of America, has issued an appeal for aid for the home rule movement in Ireland.

Wallace Corwin and Theodore Lang were fatally injured by an explosion while tearing down an abandoned glycerine factory near Bradford, Pa.

On the arrival of the Teutonic at Liverpool Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison were met by Mr. Sherman, United States consul, and proceeded forthwith to London.

The eruption of Vesuvius continues. The eruption is mild as yet, but the director of the observatory on Vesuvius anticipates that it will become violent at an early date. Tourists are flocking to Naples to witness the eruption.

The natives of Matonga have massacred, roasted, and devoured a French expedition from Loango under M. Crampel

Constable B. F. Reed, while taking a prisoner to his home near Canton, Miss., was shot dead by an assassin. James Harris and eight others have been arrested on suspicion.

Three persons were bitten by rabid dogs Tuesday at New York.

Col. Nathan Whitney, probably the oldest member of the Masonic order in the world, died at Dixon, Ills., at the age of 100 years.

A law will take effect in Missouri on the 22d inst. prohibiting the sale of pools on all sporting events occurring outside the state.

Governor Francis, of Missouri, says his state is strongly for Cleveland and free coinage, and that his people regard the tariff the main issue.

Noah Van Horn, a resident of Newark, Ohio, was killed by being struck by a passenger train while he was driving across a railroad track. His team also was killed.

A nugget of almost pure copper weighing about 100 pounds was found in a limestone quarry at Chenoa, Ills.

Articles of incorporation of the Champion Watch company, at Rockford, Ills., capital stock $25,000, to manufacture watches and machinery, have been filed with the secretary of state of Illinois.

In reply to a Jewish petition Lord Salisbury promised to consult the Turkish ambassador to ascertain whether British influence would induce the sultan to consent to Jews settling in Palestine.

Sarah Cunningham purchased an ounce of laudanum at a Dayton, Ohio, drug store and immediately swallowed it. She died at the hospital shortly after taking the drug.

The problem of restoring the vineyards of France from the devastation wrought by phylloxera is believed to have been solved by the introduction of American vines.

E. H. Hibbard, an attorney from Eau Claire, Wis., was forcibly ejected from a Wisconsin Central train at Withee station because he had not money enough to pay his fare. He will claim damages of the company because its agent was not on hand at Abbotsford to sell him a ticket.

A Paris newspaper is authority for the statement that DeLesseps will be prosecuted for misleading Panama canal investors.

Mrs. Chloe Ouden, colored, died at Indianapolis at the age of 127 years.

William Parkerson, the leader of the mob that hanged the Mafia prisoners, will speak in Bloomington, Ills., July 4.

Mike Kelly, the noted base ball captain, on trial at Cincinnati for playing on Sunday, was acquitted on a technicality.

Crops are being seriously damaged in central Illinois by oat lice.

Ex-Governor Harrison Ludington, of Milwaukee, Wis., is sick, and is not expected to recover. He is 75 years old.

A man at Roodhouse, Ills., has a deed issued in 1767 by an Indian chief, of a tract of land in Minnesota, the limits of which include St. Paul and a large portion of Minneapolis.

Lieut. Governor Ray, of Illinois, was presented with a $250 diamond stud by the members of the senate.

A tornado at Trenton, Ga., carried off the roof of a house, leaving a sick man in his bed, unharmed, but shelterless. The neighbors at once built a temporary shelter over him.

The Farmers' alliance of Otter Tail county, Minn., proposes to build a railroad from Duluth across the state.

The porte has liberated fifty convict brigands to assist in the pursuit of the band of brigands who have just released the ransomed Germans whom they held prisoners.

Western roads are discussing a reduction in passenger rates between Chicago and St. Louis.

Charles La Trave, of Michigan, was given a dose of carbolic acid by mistake for sirup of figs at Salt Lake City Thursday, and died after a few hours of agony.

The Jesuits are arranging to start a weekly journal in the English language in Rome.

C. T. and J. C. Buchanan, doing business as the Shakopee (Minn.) Mill company, have assigned. Liabilities, $37,000; nominal assets, $60,000.

A coal vein forty-eight feet thick has been discovered on the Great North railroad in Australia.

Suo Sho, a Chinese laundryman at Paducah, Ky., married his assistant, Miss Ida Rutledge, a pretty American girl. The ceremony was American, and the groom was disguised in a dress suit. The bride says it is not a matter of business convenience, but pure, unadulterated love.

George Walker, a saloon keeper of Bismarck, N. D., paid Millard Shibley, a wholesaler who was closing out his business, $50 for a barrel of whisky, but on opening the barrel found it contained water. Shiley disappeared before the discovery.

The New Haven (Conn.) Steam Heating company has been placed in the hands of a receiver. Its liabilities are $40,000 and assets $70,000.

Edward C. Wharton, a prominent southern newspaper man, died Saturday at New Orleans.

During an altercation Saturday night at Canton, Ohio, over a broken pane of glass, Joseph Wise, a saloon keeper, almost instantly killed Charles Henderson, colored, by a blow of the fist.

The Farmers' Alliance will establish a general merchandise store at Dedham, Iowa. The authorized capital is $40,000.

Prince Bismarck is suffering from lumbago.

William Walter Phelps, the United States minister to Germany, is ill with influenza. He has been confined to his bed three days.


**Dyspepsia**

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

# THE CITIZEN.

**JOHN F. FINERTY,**

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 20 1891.


### AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Augustin Daly's Company.

MCVICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Blue Jeans."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—James T. Powers, "A Straight Tip."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Stricken Blind."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Ada Gray in "East Lynne."

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"H. M CABE," Cordes, Neb.—Oct. 31, 1872, fell on Thursday; July 27, 1886, on Tuesday.

"INQUIRER," City—THE CITIZEN knows very little about the alleged "Father" Ignatius. He is an Englishman, a High Church Episcopalian, and a "monk," or "friar," according to himself. THE CITIZEN has profound respect for all religions, that teach the Gospel of God, but it respectfully suggests that any man who desires to be known as a "Father," a "friar," or a "monk," should, without loss of time, join the Roman Catholic church.

"T. O'D. C.," Duluth, Minn.—Your conclusions are sound and, in the main, well put, but there are some passages in your letter which spoil the general effect. THE CITIZEN will be glad to hear from you again.

"MACD.," City.—The law says under 18. If you came to America over that age, you must take out first papers, and reside fully five years in the country before you can be naturalized.

"D.K.C.," Cincinnati.—Both Daniel O'Connell and William Smith O'Brien were total abstainers for many years before they died. They also wore only Irish-made goods, so as not to pay tribute to English manufacturers.

"A GROPER," City.—The French branch of elder House of Bourbon—the family descended in direct line from Henry of Navarre—is extinct. The House of Orleans is descended from Gaston, younger brother of Louis XIII. Don Carlos, pretender to the Spanish throne, is directly descended from Philip V. of Spain, grandson of Louis XIV., as is also, in the female line, little ALONZO XIII., whose mother is regent of the Spanish Kingdom.

"A.D.," Louisville, Ky.—It is useless to waste words in arguing with some people. Give yourself no further trouble about the matter.

SPECIAL NOTICE—This office will not be responsible for the return of rejected manuscripts, unless stamps are enclosed for the purpose. Neither will it hold itself accountable for entertainment tickets sent here without solicitation. A newspaper office is not a proper agency for such matters.

*We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.*

### SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PARNELL MEETING.

The reception meeting of the Parnell envoys, Messrs. J. J. O'Kelly, William Redmond, John O'Connor and Henry Harrison—all good, true and active Irishmen, who do not fear to speak of 98, or of any other brave period in Irish history, when it is necessary to vindicate the claim of Ireland to liberty and independence—at Central Music Hall this (Saturday) evening, will be significant. It will mark, if large in numbers, as we believe it will be, the unconquerable devotion of the Irish-American people to the holy cause of their motherland, and will rebuke the attempt of any Englishman, however otherwise "grand" and "illustrious" to establish the fatal precedent of a veto power over Irish leadership in London.

THE CITIZEN, unlike most other organs of public opinion, does not claim to be infallible. It can say for itself, however, that it has never yet advocated any policy for Ireland or the Irish race that has not redounded to the honor of the race and the benefit of the other. It opposed Mr. Parnell's policy of inaction at one time, but, in the light of recent events, it does not appear that Mr. Parnell was entirely responsible for an inactivity which the English Whig politicians would seem to have fostered for purposes of their own. These purposes—among them a desire to minimize the Home Rule concession, so as to win back such Liberal-Unionists as Sir George Otto Trevelyan, and, if possible Hartington and Chamberlain—Mr. Parnell has detected and exposed. If, at Portsmouth, in 1886, he declared he would have accepted Gladstone's Home Rule proposition as "a final settlement," he would have done so under the belief that the police, the militia, the judiciary and the revenue were to be controlled in Ireland, and by Ireland; and he has always protected his political flanks, so to speak, by declaring that "no generation of Irishmen could pledge itself for the policy of the succeeding one, and that it was impossible for any one to set bounds to the aspirations of a nation."

Mr. Parnell's firm resolve, expressed in private conference with Gladstone, Morley and Harcourt, not to yield an inch on the matter of police, judiciary and revenue, in accepting Gladstone's Home Rule programme, sealed his fate with the insincere, and scheming English Whigs, who, at once, determined to destroy his prestige and his power. The opportunity came to them, and, with that relentless cruelty which has ever marked their relations with incorruptible leaders of public opinion in Ireland, the treacherous Whigs at once declared, as did Bonaparte in the case of the House of Braganza, that Mr. Parnell had "ceased to reign" in Irish politics. Unfortunately many sub leaders, and a strong body of churchmen, who are rarely politically wise, adopted the edict of the Englishmen, and, judged upon a pretext, Mr. Parnell was condemned upon his principle of independent opposition to English dictation.

But, before the dazzled vision of those who seceded from him, there gleamed the seductive eyes of Gladstone in which were reflected, as in a camera, robes of ermine, woolsacks, fat foreign missions and Catholic Universities, supported, or endowed, by the Empire, *a la* Maynooth College of sad and shady memory. But the masses of the people, although dazed and confounded by the ludicrous somersault executed before their eyes by the acrobats of Bantry and the mitred wisdom of Ireland, soon recovered their steadiness, and began to think backward. Who first checked the rapacity of the landlords? Parnell. Who first tamed the pride of the that virulent body? Parnell. Who forced the Whigs to reform the land laws? Parnell. Who afterward compelled the Tories to still further reform them? Parnell. Who forced, for the first time since the Union, one of the great English parties to acknowledge and adopt the principle of Irish self government? Parnell. Who led a Tory lord lieutenant to make Home Rule propositions to the Irish popular leader? Parnell. Who compelled the English house of commons to listen respectfully, and often fearfully, to Ireland's voice in that den of theives, commonly called the English parliament? Parnell. Who, by his boldness, his persistency and capacity fixed the attention of both Europe and America on the cause of Irish independence? Parnell. Who made it possible for Ireland to elect 85 out of 103 members to declare her right to be free in the halls of Westminster? Parnell. Who won every privilege that has made Ireland fit to enjoy the long sought for blessing of independence? Parnell.

Some few wavered among the masses, but the main body, at home and abroad, stand by the leader and the flag. They remember his services, and they remember the iniquity of his enemies.

> Though the Saxon snake unfold,
> At thy feet his scales of gold,
> And vow thee love untold,
> Trust him not, Green Land!

But this, we will be told, is keeping up the fight between Irishmen and Englishmen. Well, we want it kept up. THE CITIZEN has no faith whatever in English alliance or in English benevolence. The number of Englishmen who would wish to see an independent Ireland might be counted on anyone's fingers. Does anybody expect to find an Englishman who would like to see Galway take the place of Liverpool? Does anybody expect to meet an Englishman who would like to see Irish commerce developed at the expense of English trade? This is what Irish independence, even in the form originally proposed by Gladstone, when the fear of the future was upon him, would mean. What we want to see is all Irishmen banded together in bonds of brotherhood, and marching, in whatever form, with united front upon the common enemy. When Irishmen, of all creeds and conditions, are united in the demand for liberty, they will not need the precarious friendship of Englishmen. Grattan and O'Connell used to blame Ireland for leaning on France. Both died of English constitutionalism on the brain. McCarthy and Healy now want Ireland to lean upon England—the victim on the arm of the robber. How preposterous! The English will never again listen to Ireland's demand for liberty until the conditions of independent opposition are restored. Charles Stewart Parnell is the only Irish statesman who can restore them. Under such circumstances, even were he as cold as Jacob and as gallant as David, THE CITIZEN is with him. It is taunted with being the only Parnell paper in America. It glories in the distinction. Certainly some organ of opinion is needed to show that Irishmen do not entirely desert a champion and a benefactor because the foe whom he has confounded has set the seal of condemnation on his brow.

### DEATH OF O'GORMAN MAHON.

The O'Gorman Mahon, M. P., died in London on Tuesday at the advanced age of 88 years. He was a famous man over sixty years ago, and was Daniel O'Connell's principal lieutenant in the celebrated Clare election of 1829, which decided the struggle for Catholic emancipation. After the accomplishment of that object, O'Gorman Mahon, who was of bold and adventurous disposition, and who possessed a noble physique, entered the military service of Bolivia, in South America, and distinguished himself greatly in many bloody battles. He rose to the rank of colonel and remained abroad until about the time the Irish Parliamentary party was organized under the leadership of Mr. Parnell. The latter caused the election of the old soldier by the constituency of Carlow. In the recent troubles, O'Gorman Mahon took sides against Parnell, mostly on a point of social etiquette. This did not prevent the Irish leader from delicately contributing to the comfort of the aged warrior during his long and fatal illness. In fact, everybody who knew the O'Gorman Mahon loved him sincerely. He represented a brave and a chivalrous age, and linked, so to speak, the Ireland that has passed away with the Ireland which remains. In his death not alone the Irish party but also the British parliament have lost their most picturesque member, and the latter body one of its oldest, because he served a term in it more than half a century ago. The venerable chieftain fought many noted duels, and, up to the last, believed in that mode of settling personal difficulties. It is proposed to bury him in Glasnevin cemetery, where so many other Irish celebrities have been laid to rest. The district of Carlow, which O'Gorman Mahon represented, will be contested by both wings of the Irish party. It is said that Parnell is certain of carrying the seat.

### THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE BRITISH FLAG.

Archbishop Croke has, of late, taken his historic crozier in hand and gone on a tour through his archdiocese, mingling courteously in his discourses to the people, religion and politics. A magnificent politician, if unencumbered by his sacred garb, has been lost in his athletic and eloquent grace of Cashel. THE CITIZEN cannot help liking the venerable archbishop, because he has so many truly Irish qualities—among them that of a most fervid imagination. The present idol of his Grace's heart is the British Flag! It must not be forgotten that his Grace lived for many years in the Colonies, under that bloody slobbering bib of British slaughter and conquest. The Red is, to him, such a delightful color—so chaste and mild! It reminds his Grace of so much freedom, and so many graveyards! It reminds the archbishop of so much protection to the people, and so many poor houses and soup houses—fine Christian institutions, brought up to the highest standard of number and perfection under the British Flag! The archbishop is a Corkman—the British Flag recalls to him the ceaseless famine graves of Schull and Skibbereen! The archbishop is a Tipperary prelate. The British Flag reminds him of the murder of the McCormack Brothers, and the clearances of the Garveys, the Trants, the Bayleys, and all the other sons of Belial, spawned on that lovely soil by Cromwell's filthy troopers.

The British Flag also, no doubt, reminds his grace of the assassination of the Bishop of Ross by Lord Broghill, and the later slaughter of Father Sheehy! Said the dying Bishop, of noble memory—pity there are not some more like him left in widowed Ireland—

> Remember 'tis writ in our annals of blood,
> Our countrymen never relied on the faith,
> Or truce or of treaty, but treason ensued,
> And the issue of every delusion was death!

But now for the documentary evidence in the matter of Archbishop Croke's apostrophe to the British Flag. We copy from a recent number of the Dublin *Freeman* the words of his Grace:

"The Most Rev. Dr. Croke continued his tour of visitation on Saturday, when he left Cashel in company with a number of local clergymen for Golden, a little town about six miles distant. A large number of parishioners, on cars, with the parish priest and curate of Golden, met his Grace on the road and accompanied him back to the village, where an address of welcome was presented. His Grace thanked the people for their hearty reception, which, he said, exceeded his expectations. He alluded to the freedom that exists *under the British flag, which, he said, was freer than that which existed in the United States. England was free because she acknowledged no superior and did not pay tribute to any other race on earth.* As far as he could he had done his share in trying to work out the freedom of Ireland."

If the freedom that exists under the British flag, according to the Archbishop, is freer than any to be found elsewhere, why should his Grace, even remotely, strive to deprive Ireland of the blessing of such a shelter? His Grace may be well educated on most secular matters, although he is, of necessity, mostly learned in matters of theology, but he has evidently neglected his American opportunities. If freedom is so brilliant under the British flag, why should there be from fifteen to twenty millions of Irish people, or their descendents, in America instead of in Great Britain and her colonies? What Irish-American would exchange the glorious flag of Washington, for the bloody symbol of English greed, lust and murder? The Irish can well add a new supplication to the Litany—

> From the British Flag,
> O Lord, deliver us!

But this, Archbishop Croke may call heresy. Our soul trembles at the charge!

Hail, then, the British flag, ye priests and confessors who died for Ireland, fighting opposite that flag, on many a gallant field!

Hail it, ye chiefs and heroes, upon whose souls its praises by Archbishop Croke fall like burning cinders!

Hail it, spirits of the maids and matrons, and sweet innocents, who fell beneath the British flag, pierced by the sword of Cromwell, in the streets of Drogheda and around the Cross of Wexford!

Hail it, ye heroic soldiers, butchered, after surrender, by the hirelings of William at Athlone and at Aughrim!

Hail it, ye glorious rebels, who fell facing that flag at Prosperous and Rathangan, at Oulart and New Ross!

Hail it, shades of Wolfe Tone, of Fitzgerald, of Emmet, and of the butchered Brothers, whose severed heads still tell the tale of infamy in the charnel vaults of old St. Michan's!

Hail it, ye starved millions, done to death by Whigs, Whiggery, the Devil and Lord John Russell!

Hail it, scattered bones of our Irish thousands, strewing the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean!

Hail it, ye martyrs of Manchester, tried for a noble act upon English soil, found guilty by an English jury, sentenced by an English judge, hanged by an English hangman, and consigned to graves filled with quicklime, in the sodden yard of an English jail!

Hail it, all ye, and more, for the Archbishop is abroad, and from high places, and in the hearing of God and man, he has proclaimed the glory and the freedom of the British flag!

Yet, as a matter of precaution, and because the whole church has not indorsed the British flag, or whether it has or not, let us offer, dear kindred of the Irish race, this further prayer to the God of Freedom—

> From the British Flag,
> O Lord, deliver us!

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the next issue of THE CITIZEN will be commenced a new Irish Serial entitled "The Green and The Tricolor," by P. G. Smyth, author of "King and Viking," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful novels. Mr. Smyth, who has already taken a prominent place among Irish contemporary writers of fiction, gives his readers in "The Green and The Tricolor" graphic pen and ink pictures of the French Expedition of '98 to Ireland. The material, which is drawn from the most authentic sources, is dressed up in a light and picturesque style, and the interest in the plot continues unflaggingly to the close. "The Green and The Tricolor" bids fair to become one of the masterpieces of Irish historical romance.

### HIBERNIAN RIFLES' PICNIC.

The sixteenth annual picnic of the Hibernian Rifles will be given at Ogden Grove on Saturday, July Fourth, and promises to be one of the most enjoyable events of the season. This fine regiment deserves the support of every patriotic Irish American, and THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes that the attendance at the entertainment will be up to the highest expectations of its officers.

### ENGLISH HYPOCRISY.

The holy English, who have raised such a howl about Parnell's alleged improprieties, are now in an awful way over the Prince of Wales' malodorous record, in the matter of women, wine, cards and race horses. How truly Childe Harold foretold the advent of England's heir apparent:

> Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth
> Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight,
> Who spent his days in riot most uncouth,
> And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of night.
> Ah me, in sooth he was a shameless wight,
> Sore given to revel and ungodly glee,
> Few earthly things found favor in his sight
> Save concubines and carnal company,
> And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree

Albert Edward Guelph Von Wettin has been so long under fire as a bold, bad man that he has even forgotten how to blush. If the public prints of his own country are to be believed, he converts every house that has the social hardihood to receive him into a place of assignation. It is not Irishmen who say this of the Prince of Wales, but Englishmen. The Irish have been so accustomed to the vices of the House of Hanover that they are no longer shocked at anything a member of that family may do. The aged queen, while not given to any particular vice, unless it be a platonic affection for Scotch gillies, has ever been, at least since Prince Albert—who said "the Irish could eat grass, and were no more deserving of sympathy than the Poles"—was refused a statue by the corporation of Dublin, the consistent enemy of Ireland. Nothing in that country pleases her. She prefers the fogs and chilly winds of Balmoral to "the emerald gem of the western world," and the Irish do not seem to be much afflicted by her absence. The old lady is fiercely angry with Albert Edward, and, no doubt, that rather stale royal gossoon has been well spanked across the maternal knee for his bad behavior at Tranby Croft. Lord Brooke, too, has grown tired of wearing the horns popularly alleged to have been placed on his dishonored head by Wales, and another Mordaunt scandal is likely to be the outcome of the pending divorce suit.

The strangest feature about Wales' present predicament is that the supervirtuous Gladstone and his followers, who so severely denounced Parnell, have not a word to say, either in parliament or outside of it, about his vicious folly. On the contrary, they screen his conduct, because he has royal blood, which, by the way, has "flowed through the veins of scoundrels since the flood" in his veins. Nothing more clearly displays the arrant hypocrisy of the average English character than this cowardly conduct on the part of Gladstone and his friends. How different their course toward the Irish leader, who, even if he is guilty as charged, is clearly the victim of circumstances which, at a future day, may be explained to the satisfaction of all generous and fair minded people.

### NASHVILLE FAITHFUL TO PARNELL.

Nashville, Tenn., has been one of the American cities consistently loyal to the Irish national leadership of Mr. Parnell. The Irishmen of Nashville, during the last thirty years, have never lost an opportunity of aiding the cause of Ireland. Foremost among the many unselfish patriots of that beautiful southern city stands the friend of his native land, Mr. James Killelea, president of the Hibernian Benevolent Society, and of the Parnell Branch of the Irish National League. Mr. Killelea has been a familiar figure in Irish-American conventions since 1865. He has given of his time, money and indomitable energy most generously to the cause, and he has held the Irish national banner steadily aloft, when others vacillated or despaired. Mr. Killelea possesses that determined and dogged persistency too often absent from the temperament of the Celtic race. Nothing ever discourages him, and THE CITIZEN honestly believes that if every other Irishman throughout the world were to give up the struggle for freedom, quiet, persistent James Killelea would fight the battle out unto death. It is such men as he that make victory possible, and we thus single him out, not for any purpose of empty flattery, but to present an object lesson to our readers, as well as ourselves. Mr. Killelea was interviewed on the Irish crisis by the Nashville papers of last Monday. We clip the following from his remarks, as published:

"Dr. Emmet also states in his address that Mr. Parnell stands today responsible for the present sufferings of the evicted tenants of Ireland. I refer to Mr. Parnell's letter of Feb. 28 last, when he wrote to Mr. McCarthy in regard to the Paris trust fund, and about the evicted tenants. Here is what Mr. Parnell states to Mr. McCarthy: 'To meet your view, I suggest that you and I should agree upon the selection of two members, one from amongst your colleagues, and one from amongst mine, practically acquainted by personal experience in Ireland with the detailed situation of the estates in question, to cooperate with us.' Mr. Parnell wrote another letter to McCarthy, dated April 16, and states: 'I now repeat my suggestion of February 28, and I trust that, in face of this renewed exposure of the hollowness and duplicity of manner in which your colleagues have been acting in this matter, that there will be no further trifling with these grave interests.'

"The fact of the matter is, Mr. McCarthy wants Mr. Parnell to turn over that Paris fund to his (McCarthy's) party. Mr. Parnell will not agree to it.

"Dr. Emmet also states in his address that Mr. Parnell is now politically dead and can never be resuscitated to hold a position of trust. Let us look at his statesmanship in the British parliament. The present land scheme which is being passed into law, or is expected to be, by the Tory government, is a comprehensive plan for the creation of small peasant proprietors. Thirty million pounds are being advanced by the government for the purchase of the landlords, interests in Ireland, and making the tiller of the soil the owner of his farm.

"A remarkable service has been rendered by Mr. Parnell. He pointed out to the house of commons, by an elaborate statistical statement, that the amount to be advanced was insufficient to purchase the large farms of Ireland, but that it might be made effectual in disposing of the most crying grievance in connection with the Irish land troubles, by applying the most of the money to the purchase of small farms such as paid a rental of £30 and under. This seemed all the more necessary to Mr. Parnell, because the ten millions that had been recently advanced as an experiment in the same direction, had been gobbled up by the large farmers and the large landlords in Ireland, leaving the Irish land question still unsettled."

Mr. Killelea, after dealing at some length with that branch of the subject, said further:

"The next great benefit resulting from the obligation is that they have by the act of parliament acquired power to borrow money on the security of the rates for the purpose of building cottages for the laborers. This power is being taken advantage of by what were formerly the worst housed people in the world. The Irish laborers are now dwelling in comfortable cottages and living like civilized human beings. A third benefit was a sentimental preference which was excited in the minds of the people for Irish manufactured goods, since they could not protect by law, they have established protection by selection.

"Mr. Parnell is still the chief factor in Irish politics. He is the only man who can hold public meetings in Ireland at present. His opponents can hold no public meeting, for the Irish people take no interest in them.

"If the Irish party had continued solid in this discussion in the British parliament over the Land bill, there is no doubt several million pounds more could be squeezed out of the British exchequer, but the McCarthy party seemed more anxious to scare off supporters from Mr. Parnell than from Mr. Balfour. Mr. Sexton, of the McCarthy party, was the only man of his party who helped Mr. Parnell out on that Land bill.

"That Kilkenny election came off at a time when the people were suffering from a shock similar to that which Dr. Emmet, of New York, is suffering from now. They were told from platforms that the issue was Home Rule vs. Parnell. Not knowing the true state of things, they voted for Home Rule and against Mr. Parnell. Since then they are recovering from the shock, and they are beginning to see that Mr. Parnell, far from being a danger to Home Rule, is a security for an adequate measure, and hence, at the Sligo elections, notwithstanding the most desperate efforts on the part of Parnell's opponents, he was able to poll nearly half the entire constituency. The characters of the voters of Kilkenny and Sligo were exactly the same, they both being agricultural constituencies. I have doubt but when the Parnell party come to the cities and towns and more wealthy districts, Mr. Parnell will secure the largest portion of the representation in Ireland.

"I am of the opinion that the coming Baltimore convention of the Irish National League of America, to be held in September, and the general election that will come off in Ireland next year will be the means of bringing about a solid unity in the Irish party once more. I am assured that the Irish citizens of this country are anxious to see that unity effected."

That is the way for Irishmen who mean to continue the struggle victoriously to talk. If they get discouraged, do nothing but croak of disaster and eternally lament the past, they never can, and never ought, accomplish anything. Perseverence is the vital principle in the Irish struggle. The men easily discouraged are its bane.

### ROSSA GOING TO IRELAND.

O'Donovan Rossa, whose term of exile from Ireland expired on the 5th inst., is about to revisit his native land. He cannot rest, he says, until he does so, although he has the prospect of arrest before him when he lands at Queenstown. He is about also to test the value of an American passport, supplied by Secretary Blaine. In reply to the inquiry of a New York *Herald* reporter, O'Donovan Rossa said:

"Here is the passport with Mr. Blaine's signature attached. On the adjoining sheet is pasted the reprint of the patent of pardon from Victoria of England to O'Donovan Rossa of Ireland, by which I was expatriated. It is dated Chatham prison, England, June 5, 1871, and signed by M. J. Brady, an official of Dublin castle. From the highest authority in the land I have sought information as to whether I could be arrested in England for anything I have done or said in America as an American citizen. The answer given is that there is no precedent for my peculiar case, and that no treaty or understanding exists touching the status of an expatriated Irishman who has become an American citizen. My correspondence on this point will be left behind in the hands of a friend when I go, and may be published in case I have trouble."

"Then your return is only temporary and you have no political object in view?"

"I go to see the Irish people face to face once more in old Ireland; to learn of their condition and devise for their improvement. I don't care to speak of any definite plans. I may deliver some lectures. I can't say when my visit will end, but it will be only a visit. My principles remain unchanged."

THE following statement was cabled from Dublin to most of the American daily papers on Monday: "Finding that the cost of maintaining members of parliament is a heavy parochial drain, the Irish bishops are attempting to secure the return of wealthy candidates at the coming election. It is hoped these candidates will form the nucleus of a new Catholic party." "The establishment of a Catholic party in Ireland would be about as fatal to the interests of that country as the long existing Protestant party of Ulster has been. Let religion be kept within the church, as God intended it should be, and let laymen settle political questions.

OUR traveling agent, Mr. Matthew D. Griffin, will visit Wilmington, Braidwood, Lincoln, Bloomington, East St. Louis and St. Louis during this week and next. We bespeak for him a cordial reception.

### PERSONAL.

Col. Thomas Hartigan, of the Hibernian Rifles, has been appointed drill-master of the Chicago police force. The Colonel is a West Pointer, and is considered one of the most capable officers in America.

Mr. Patrick Kelly, for a long time a member of the South Park police force was, on Monday, promoted to the captaincy of that body.

The firm of Agnew & Co., of this city, has been awarded the contract for the construction of the World's Fair mercantile department.

Mr. John P. Agnew, eldest son of ex-Sheriff Agnew, and a young gentleman prominent in the business life of the city, was united in marriage to Miss Ciara Conlan, a popular society lady of the North Division, on Wednesday of last week. The wedding was private, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present. The young couple have our best wishes for their welfare and happiness.

Mr. Richard D. Walsh, formerly of this city, and now of the Anaconda mines, Butte, Montana, visited his many friends in Chicago last week, and had a most enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. Theron C. Crawford, of Washington, D. C, are at the Richelieu, enjoying Chicago as a summer resort. Mr. Crawford is one of the best known among American journalists. He is also a gentleman of great business ability.

Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, of St. Louis, accompanied by Mrs. O'Reilly, was in the city during the week, and stopped at the Richelieu. THE CITIZEN does not always agree with the pleasant and patriotic doctor, but it is always glad to see his handsome face and stalwart form, and to shake him by the hand. The doctor's only weakness is an intense faith in Mr. Gladstone.


### Across the Deep, to the Far West,

On steamboats, cars and stage-coaches, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is carried as the most important item in the materia medica of the traveling public. It deprives vitiated, brackish water of its hurtful properties and execrable flavor, counteracts the pernicious effects upon the stomach of bad or indigestible food, remedies cramps, heartburn and wind upon the stomach. It is a fine defense against malarial disorders, nullifies the effects of excessive heat, cold and damp, relieves sick headache, and is an incomparable cure for costiveness and biliousness. The fatigue of travel often tells most disastrously upon invalids and convalescents, occasionally to such an extent as to jeopardize life. Persons in feeble health, apprehensive of bad effects from travel, will, if provided with the Bitters, be far less likely to have their fears realized.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO to Europe in seven days via the New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

### WAITING FOR A SIT.

The scholarly editor of the *Irish Monthly* presented the public recently with some half dozen parodies on D. F. McCarthy's beautiful lyric "Waiting for the May." THE CITIZEN begs leave to supplement the list with the following written by an Irish-American bard, who is modest enough to shelter himself behind the pen name of "Dalcassian":

Ah, my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for a sit—
Waiting in emphatic choler
For the grand almighty dollar
That, my love of comfort eating,
Might give me some grit—
Oh, my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for a sit!

Ah, my heart is sick with longing—
Longing for a sit—
Longing for the glad tomorrow
That shall see me rid of sorrow,
And the other ills belonging
To Bohemia's kit—
Oh, my heart is sick with longing—
Longing for a sit;

Ah, my heart is sore with sighing—
Sighing for a sit—
Sighing for the "scours" so golden,
And the rich wines sweet and olden
Care and all the blues defying,
(Great Scott, think of it!)
Oh, my heart is sore with sighing—
Sighing for a sit!

Ah, my heart is pained with throbbing—
Throbbing for a sit—
Throbbing with the wildest wishes
For the loaves and for the fishes,
Crying, blubbering and sobbing,
Reft of ev'ry wit—
Oh, my heart is pained with throbbing—
Throbbing for a sit!

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for a sit—
Waiting like a patient poodle
For my share of swag and boodle,
And for dinners gay and beery—
(Here I close this skit!)
Man is ever, ever weary—
Waiting for a sit!

### A GOOD PRIEST'S JUBILEE.

**The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Ordination of the Rev. Father T. O'Sullivan, Pastor of Irondale, Ill., Fittingly Celebrated by His Intimate Friends.**

On Monday, June 8, occurred the 25th anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, the pastor of St Kevin's Catholic church, Irondale, Ill. No man stands higher in the community than Fr. O'Sullivan. To know him is to love and respect him, no matter what your creed or faith, or your lack of either. In Father O'Sullivan all recognize a man who works for the good of the people, and who extends a helping hand to the poor and lowly, without regard to their religious belief, even more quickly than to the wealthy who have less need of his aid and sympathy. He is a worthy follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, who declared: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

There was a pleasant gathering at the Catholic pastoral residence at Cummings last week to testify to the esteem in which Father O'Sullivan is held, and the 25th anniversary of his ordination was regarded as a fitting occasion. Several of his friends came together to congratulate him. A beautiful escritoire, purchased of the Calumet Furniture Company, was presented to the reverend gentleman by Father Van de Laar, Father Rathz, Messrs. J. J. Fitzgibbon and C. G. Dowling, who also made each an eloquent address appropriate to the event.

Father Van de Laar made the presentation speech, and in well chosen and feeling language paid a fitting tribute to the many virtues of mind and heart of his esteemed brother and friend, Father O'Sullivan. He concluded by saying, that for the quarter of a century that his reverend brother spent in the priesthood, he labored zealously in ministering to the wants of the sick, the poor and the orphans of the flocks intrusted to his charge. He hoped that God would give him health and strength to continue his labors in the vineyard of the Lord for many long years after his golden jubilee was celebrated, and that when he would be summoned to the judgment seat he would receive from the beneficent Father of us all a crown of eternal glory.

Mr. Fitzgibbon said among other things that he felt great pride in numbering among the friends of his early youth, when they were fellow students at Notre Dame university in the '60s, Father O'Sullivan. His overflowing spirits, good cheer and fellowship made him a strong favorite at that institution of learning. When many of us left off studies and engaged in other pursuits of life, Father O'Sullivan, impelled by his intense love of knowledge, went to that famous and venerable seat of learning, the Louvain university, where he spent nearly seven years in hard study. It is no wonder that he should return to the land of his love, free America, a real university man, and that he was pre eminently qualified to preach the gospel, like the apostles of old, in divers tongues. Although he refers with pride and pleasure to the high honors which have been conferred upon some of his fellow students, among them Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, and Bishop Spaulding, of Peoria, and although I know, as others know, who have the pleasure of his acquaintance and company, that he is a man of superior training and intellect, and has few peers in his calling, yet the great ambition of his life has not been to seek ecclesiastical honors, but to preach the gospel of Christ among the poor and lowly and do good to his fellow beings, regardless of creed or class or race, as becomes the true disciple of Him who loved all the children of Adam, and died for their salvation. Let me say in conclusion that I know my friend Father O'Sullivan intimately and well. I can truly say of him that any taint of bigotry and intolerance is foreign to his nature, and that the great purpose of his life is not to injure any human being but to do good to all.

Father O'Sullivan replied in a pleasant vein, saying, among other things, that he thanked God that the field of his labors was in the grandest country on earth, where there truly existed a free church in a free state; where the fires of religious prejudice had well nigh burned out, giving place to the heavenly light of christian charity, and where the foundations of christianity had been laid so deep that no efforts of infidelity or agnosticism could ever tear them up. The trials of his ministry for a quarter of a century had been more than amply compensated by the unwavering kindness of all his non-Catholic as well as his Catholic friends. As he grew older he believed that life was growing nobler and sweeter every day, as men grew to know one another better and sought to elevate their common humanity. But if he had an enemy in the world he hoped to meet him one day, together with all his friends, both saints and sinners, in that paradise of peace and love where all may celebrate the golden jubilee of a glorious immortality.

The following poem, by L. McGriskin, A. M., was recited on the occasion:

Twenty-five years a priest, and loved
For great and grand endeavor.
Twenty-five years have only proved
Thou art a priest for ever.

Your heart as fond and full of grace
As when you first had blest us,
Your eye as bright, as kind your face,
For ever "alter chustus."

And yet you've had your griefs—and know
The agony in the garden,
For others' sins you make your own
And weep for peace and pardon.

And tears are yours for many a loss
Today, and yet tomorrow,
For you have borne the Savior's cross
Nor yet have ended sorrow.

The Savior's heart was sad from sin,
His face was peace and gladness,
So if we knew your heart within
'Tis not without its sadness.

The widow's tears you often dried
And made her courage gather,
And when the little orphan cried
He found in you a father!

Your gospel was the kindly deed
That always lightened labor,—
The best part of the Savior's creed
Was "love your God and neighbor."

For love will have its victim still
The fire from heav'n consuming—
The one great sacrifice of good will,
The world in gloom illuming.

Then let it be your joy today
That all who ever knew you,
Still bless the hair that's growing gray,
And still are faithful to you.

The old friend grasps your hand in tears
Still wishing to be near you,
But after five and twenty years
H'll come again to cheer you.

### Resolutions of Condolence.

At the regular monthly meeting of Division No. 3, A. O. H., held in Dougherty's Hall, Sunday, June 14, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS it has pleased the Great Ruler of the universe to visit with the chastening rod our division and this community in the calling away to a better land of our beloved brother, James Foley, who departed this life May 12, 1891. Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in the death of James Foley this community has lost a sympathizing friend, self sacrificing and devoted to all who needed help and consolation.

*Resolved*, That although we cannot understand the dispensation of providence by which a widowed mother has been bereft of a faithful and loving son, and by which our division has been deprived of one whom we all loved as a brother, yet we know the Great Chief of the universe cannot err, but that he doeth all things well.

*Resolved*, That we are encouraged by the noble life of our departed brother to do good deeds and live unselfish lives, and we are constrained by the sudden ending of this valuable life to be also ready, for in such an hour as we think not, the Son of Man cometh.

*Resolved*, That we offer our sincere sympathy to the mother and relatives of our departed brother. Our hearts are full of sorrow, but feeling the inadequacy of human sympathy we can only commend them to Him who has promised to sustain them, knowing that His grace is sufficient for them.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our division, a copy presented to the family of our departed brother, and that they be published in the Chicago CITIZEN.

MICHAEL MONTAGUE,
P. J. DUFFY,
JOHN DONOHUE,
Committee.

### Record-Making Liners Outdone.

NEW YORK, June 10.—The White Star steamship Majestic completed a voyage to day that would have been the best on record from Queenstown if she had gone over the same course traversed by the City of Paris when she made her record of 5 days 19 hours and 18 minutes. The Majestic took a long northerly course of 2 850 miles to avoid ice and fog. Her time was 5 days 22 hours and 20 minutes, and her average speed per hour was 20 023 knots. This is the best hourly average ever made by an ocean steamship. Over the record course of 2,788 knots her time would have been about 5 days 19 hours and 4 minutes, or 14 minutes better than the City of Paris. The Majestic's daily runs, from noon to noon, a period of about 24 hours and 50 minutes, were: June 4, 441 miles; June 5, 501; June 6, 497; June 7, 501; June 8, 502; June 9, to the Sandy Hook light ship, 408; total, 2 850. The Majestic brought 1,005 steerage and 395 cabin passengers. Among the cabin passengers were J. Pierpoint Morgan, Joseph Pulitzer, W. S. Nicholson, J. H. McShane, Rev. William Crosswell Doane, bishop of Albany; H. G. Russell and Rev. H. B. Whipple, bishop of Minnesota.

### A GRAND COMBINATION.

**Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.**

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

### T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

### GAELIC POETRY.

**Cumha Deirdre ar Fagail Alba.**

The following is a partially modernized version of Deirdre's lament on leaving Scotland at the instigation of Connor, king of Ulster, who, when he got her husband, Naisi, in his power, had him basely put to death. Naise was one of the "Children of Uisneach" whose woes form the theme of Joyce's beautiful poem, "Deirdre." The original of this poem is over two thousand years old, yet many places in Scotland mentioned in it can still be identified. Glenn Urchy and Glenn Etive are still called by names almost identical with those mentioned by Deirdre. There are two or three versions of this poem yet extant in old Gaelic; some are considerably longer than this one:

Ionmhainn an tír, an tír ud shoir,
Alba go na h-iongantaibh;
Ní thiocfuinn aiste anseo
Muna d-tiocfainn le Neise.

Ionmhuinn Dún Fidh a's Dún Fionn,
Ionmhuinn an Dún os a chionn;
Ionmhuinn Inis Draighne,
A's ionmhuinn Dún Seibhne.

A t-Gleann Laidh do chodlainn
Fá'n a cholaite caoimhe;
Isag a's sun a's saill bruile,
Ba h-é mo chuid a t-Gleann Laidh.

Gleann Massain, Gleann Massain!
Ard a chroinn, geal a chasain!
Do guimis codla corrach
Os inbhear mongach Massain.

Gleann Eitchi, Gleann Eitchi,
Ann ar thógas mo chéad tigh;
Aluinn a fhidh* iar eirghe;
Buaile gr éine Gleann Eitche.

Mo chean Gleann Urchaidh!
In gleann direach, druim caoimh.
Mile póg fuaras ó Naise
A ngleann aluinn Urchaidh.

Gleann dá Ruadh, Gleann dá Ruadh,
Ann a n-dearna each a dhual.
Is binn guth na g-cuach
Air an m-bian ós Gleann dá Ruadh.

Ionmhainn Draighen á's Tri Traigh,
Ionmhainn Aichid an ghainimh glain;
Ní thocfuinn asda a nóir,
Muna d-tiocfuinn lem ionmhuinn.

* "Fidh," a wood.

### IRISH NEWS NOTES.

We are indebted to the Munster *Express* for the following curious item: "Allie Daiglen's ass, of Mullinavat, is such an enemy of the Whigs of that parish as to raise his hind leg and kick a member of the committee who was found covering the fresh grass while suffering from the effects of intoxicating liquor, at an early hour on Wednesday morning." It is a smart ass that can tell the difference between a Parnellite and a Seceder.!

A butter market has been opened at Clashmore, county Waterford.

On May 23, in Kilkenny, Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg conferred the sacred order of priesthood on the Rev. Brother Anthony, O. S. F. C., in the world, John Travers of Cork.

Mr. J. L. Carew, M. P., intends to start a paper to be called the Wicklow and Wexford *Leader*.

Work on the Galway and Clifden railway is now being resumed all along the line. There are 900 men employed, their rate of pay being 2s 3d, and 2s 5d per day.

On June 7, the ceremony of blessing and laying the foundation stone of a new church at Eglish, Borrisokane, was to have been performed by the Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, bishop of Killaloe.

The death is announced of Lieut. Col. Charles Raleigh Chichester, J. P., D. L., of Runnamoat, county Roscommon.

The Rev. John L. Heavey, of the order St. Augustine, brother of Rev. Joseph M. Heavey, Castlebar, was elevated to the priesthood on the 23 i of May at Rome.

The Most Rev. John Egan, Catholic bishop of Waterford, died on June 10, of influenza, after eight hours' sickness.

On May 24, two revolver bullets were fired through the door of the dwelling house of a man named O'Connor, in the neighborhood of Scartaglin.

A farmer's son named Michael Griffin was charged at the Patrickswell, county Limerick, petty sessions, with stealing a flock of sheep on May 23. It was stated in the evidence that on disposing of the flock of sheep Griffin went to America, but came back a short time ago. The accused was returned for trial to the next assizes.

Mr. David Fleming, of Kilcummin, county Kerry, died recently, aged 113 years.

A Cork young lady has come well to the front in the late examinations for a female clerkship in the Post-Office. Miss Jane Low, of Castlemartyr, secured fifth place in the United Kingdom.

W. C. Middleton, J. P., Avena, Ballisodare, county Sligo, died on May 24, at Florence, Italy.

Mrs. James Sinclair, Knox's street, Sligo, died May 26, at an advanced age.

Reports from West Galway and West Clare state that the potato crop has been attacked by frost.

The death is announced, at the Presentation Convent, Ballingarry, county Tipperary, of Mother Mary Magdalene, daughter of the late Mr. Lynch, of Petersburg, county Galway.

Dr. Painter, of Roundstone, who for several years past has been mining in Connemara, chiefly for copper ore, has recently met with a lode containing a paying percentage of gold. The lode is situated about a mile from the village of Roundstone.

A young man named Richard Hunter, aged 23, employed as a model by Miss Mary Redmond, of Dublin, the well-known Irish sculptor, having been dismissed by her, maliciously destroyed the clay model for the Father Mathew statue, valued at £250, and threatened the lady's life. He is in arrest, under remand.

A very sad occurrence took place on the Marina, on the 26th of May by which Mrs McGragh, wife of the repected Clerk of the Cork Union, lost her life. On the previous evening Mrs. McGragh left her residence in Cork, to visit a friend at Blackrock, proposing to return by the 10 o'clock train; but on arriving at Blackrock station the last train had left. Lodgings were then found for her for the night, and it is supposed she quietly left in the morning, about four o'clock, intending to walk home by the Marina. Her lifeless body was found, at 8:30 a. m., in the river, convenient to one of the slips, by John Dorney, a fisherman. It is conjectured that the poor lady, who had been in delicate health for some time, may have felt weak and taken a seat at the slip, and, falling asleep, unconsciously fell into the river and was unable to save herself. The widest sympathy is felt for Mr. McGragh and his family in their sad bereavement.

### ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

**Gaelic Sports in Chicago.**

Owing to the fact that a picnic under the auspices of the Hibernian Rifles was held last Sunday, and also that a convention of the different Irish societies took place at Fitzgerald's Hall, the attendance at the grounds of the Gaelic Athletic Association was not as large as on the previous Sunday. However, there was a fair crowd and a good programme. The first event was a game of football between the Emeralds and Wolfe Tone's. The Emeralds are a newly organized club, and played their initial game, and while they made a good showing they were undoubtedly overmatched. The score at the end of the game was 2 goals and 4 points for the Wolfe Tones to 1 point for the Emeralds. It was the general opinion of those who witnessed the game that the Emeralds would yet be the best club in the Association. The second event was a 100 yard race, which was won by P. D. Fitzgerald of the O'Briens; time, 11 seconds. Third event, a tug of war between the Grattans and Innisfails; won by the Innisfails. Fourth event, a running hop, step and jump, won by P. D. Fitzgerald; distance, 39 2; P. O'Connell second, 38.4. Fifth event, a wheelbarrow race. This was most exciting and was won by P. O'Connell of the O'Briens. Sixth event, a sack race, won by T. Broderick of the Innisfails. The programme was carried out in a first class order and the audience were well satisfied. Next Sunday, June 21st, the programme will be: Football, O'Briens vs. Columbias; an Obstacle Race; Place Kick on Football; Three Legged Race; One-half Mile Walk and Sack Race. A prize of a $4 hat will be given to the winner of the obstacle race; a silver cup to the winner of the place kick, and a silver medal to the winner of the three legged race. It is expected that the four Irish Envoys, Messrs. Redmond, O'Connor, O'Kelly and Harrison will witness the sports next Sunday, and a large gathering is anticipated.

F. J. RYAN.

### Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending June 17:

| | Games played. | Won. | Lost. | Per cent. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| New Yorks | 45 | 29 | 16 | .644 |
| Bostons | 48 | 27 | 21 | .563 |
| Chicagos | 46 | 25 | 21 | .543 |
| Clevelands | 49 | 25 | 24 | .510 |
| Brooklyns | 48 | 23 | 25 | .479 |
| Philadelphias | 47 | 21 | 26 | .447 |
| Pittsburgs | 44 | 18 | 26 | .409 |
| Cincinnatis | 47 | 19 | 28 | .404 |

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending June 17:

Thursday—Boston 14, Chicago 6. New York 10, Pittsburg 2. Philadelphia 1, Cincinnati 2. Brooklyn 8, Cleveland 2

Friday—New York 9, Chicago 6. Boston 5, Pittsburg 4. Brooklyn 7, Cincinnati 2. Philadelphia 5, Cleveland 6

Saturday—New York 8, Chicago 7. Boston 8, Pittsburg 5. Brooklyn 11, Cincinnati 1. Philadelphia 4, Cleveland 6.

Monday—New York 14, Chicago 13. Boston 12, Pittsburg 5. Brooklyn 9, Cincinnati 13. Philadelphia 8, Cleveland 10.

Tuesday—New York 5, Chicago 0. Boston 10, Pittsburg 1. Brooklyn 6, Cincinnati 3. Philadelphia 3, Cleveland 8

Wednesday—Cleveland 4, Chicago 2. Boston 6, Brooklyn 3. Boston 8, Brooklyn 1.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

| | Games played. | Won. | Lost | Per cent. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bostons | 60 | 38 | 20 | .636 |
| St. Louis | 57 | 35 | 22 | .614 |
| Baltimores | 54 | 33 | 21 | .611 |
| Cincinnatis | 54 | 27 | 27 | .500 |
| Columbus | 56 | 27 | 29 | .482 |
| Philadelphias | 56 | 24 | 32 | .429 |
| Louisvilles | 59 | 24 | 35 | .407 |
| Washingtons | 51 | 16 | 35 | .314 |

Thursday—Baltimore 9, Philadelphia 6. Cincinnati 5, Columbus 3. Washington 5, Boston 13.

Friday—Cincinnati 0, Columbus 3. Baltimore 6, Boston 4. Washington 6, Philadelphia 3. Louisville 7, St. Louis 9.

Saturday—Washington 4, Boston 7. Baltimore 3, Philadelphia 2. Cincinnati 1, Columbus 4.

Sunday—Louisville 3, St. Louis 0. Cincinnati 6, Columbus 3. Philadelphia 9, Baltimore 12.

Monday—Washington 7, Boston 21. Philadelphia 0, Baltimore 1.

Tuesday—Cincinnati 10, St. Louis 6. Boston 13, Philadelphia 4. Louisville 1, Columbus 3. Washington 1, Baltimore 3.

Wednesday—Louisville 2, Columbus 3. Boston 11, Philadelphia 13. Boston 2, Philadelphia 10. Washington 20, Baltimore 19.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

| | Games played. | Won. | Lost. | Per cent. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Whitings | 5 | 4 | 1 | .800 |
| West Ends | 5 | 4 | 1 | .800 |
| Garden Citys | 6 | 3 | 3 | .500 |
| Brands | 5 | 2 | 3 | .400 |
| Franklins | 6 | 2 | 4 | .333 |
| Rivals | 5 | 1 | 4 | .200 |

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: West Ends 4, Whitings 3. Brands 9, Rivals 7. Garden Citys 10, Franklins 7.

There is comfort for the man with a prematurely gray beard in Buckingham's Dye, because it never fails to color an even *brown* or *black* as may be desired.

### LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CALLAN—May 24, at Bridge street, Dundalk, Hugh Callan, merchant, aged 59 years.

DWYER—May 24, at Main street, Roscrea, county Tipperary, Joseph Dwyer.

FISHER—May 24, at Exchange street, Waterford, Myra Eleanora, relict of the late Joseph Fisher, aged 68 years.

LEARY—May 16, at Greenville, Enniscorthy, county Wexford, Loughlin O. Leary, aged 68 years.

O'SULLIVAN—May 24, at Bedford Lodge, Clontarf, late of Ballybough road, Maggie, the eldest surviving daughter of John F. O'Sullivan.

MIDDLETON—At Florence, May 24, Wm. C. Middleton, of Elsinore, Rosses Point, Sligo, son of the late Wm. Middleton, J.P., Avena, Ballisodare.

SHAWE—At Beakstown, Thurles, June 2, in his 73d year, Samuel Lowe Shawe, grandson of the late S. L. Shawe, of Raheenbeg House, Geashill, King's county.

COOPER—Brunker Lodge, Blackrock, Dundalk, May 29, Charles Partington Cooper, aged 51.

GLAVEY—At the residence of his father, Ashmore, county Mayo, May 29, Thomas, third son of J. Glavey, aged 16.

MAGUIRE—At Garadice, county Meath, June 1, James Maguire, aged 74.

NANGLE — At Sonna, Ballinacargy, Bridget, relict of the late John Nangle.

WARD—At Gunnocks, Clonee, county Meath, June 1, Alice Ward, sister of the late John Ward.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,**

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

# H.R.EAGLE

## This Is Not

A Job lot or a Bankrupt Stock, but are all new, fresh goods, a direct importation, all new patterns, and we offer them at ONE-HALF what you can buy them for in the Dry Goods Stores.

**SMYRNA RUGS.**

| SIZES IN INCHES | OUR PRICE. |
|---|---|
| 18x30, each | 39 cents |
| 16x36, each | 49 cents |
| 21x40, each | $1.13 |
| 26x52, each | $1 58 |
| 30x62, each | $1.95 |
| 36x72, each | $2.89 |

Granulated Sugar, per lb ..... 8¾ cents
A 10 lb Pail Large Family Mackerel for ..... 99 cents
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb ..... 25 cents
Basket Fired Japan Tea, per lb ..... 15 cents
Imported Macaroni, per lb ..... 7 cents
New Maple Syrup, this year's run of sap and direct to us from the camp, per gallon ..... 89 cents

**We Have Just Opened a Complete Candy Department**

In which we will keep the finest candies that are manufactured, and we will sell them at less prices than you can buy them for elsewhere.

Best Quality Gum Drops, per lb .... 5 cts
Good Mixed Candy, per lb ..... 8 cts
Old-Fashioned Mixed Candy, per lb. 9 cts
Fine French Mixed Candy, per lb .. 15 cts
Pure Sugar Taffy, per lb ..... 9 cts
French Burnt Peanuts, per lb ..... 9 cts
Finest Quality Caramels, per lb .... 15 cts
Hand Made Chocolate Creams, per lb ..... 19 cts
French Burnt Almonds, per lb ..... 19 cts

Fine French Glaces ..... }
Marshmallows ..... }
Finest Chocolates ..... } Per lb., 29 cents.
Jordan F. B. Almonds ..... }
Chocolate Nougats ..... }
Chocolate Walnuts ..... }

Green Coffee, per lb ..... 16 cents
Archer's 2 lb Sugar Corn, per can 6 cents
S. & W. 2 lb Sugar Corn, per can. 7 cents
Small Bottle Salad Dressing for .. 5 cents
Large Bottle Salad Dressing for .. 10 cents
A 35 cent package Warner's Infant Food for ..... 15 cents
A Wash Board for ..... 1 cent
A Good Wash Board for ..... 5 cents
Best Jelly Glasses, with Tin Covers, per dozen ..... 29 cents
Mason Fruit Jars, all sizes, Lowest prices .....
Half Pint Bottle Worcestershire Sauce for ..... 10 cents
Pint Bottle Worcestershire Sauce 20 cents
Cross & Blackwell's Jams, per jar 17 cents
Good Quality Perfume, per bottle. 3 cents

**H. R. EAGLE & CO.,**
**GROCERS, 68 & 70 WABASH-AV.**

**THE HIBERNIAN RIFLES**
**Will Hold Their**
**SIXTEENTH ANNUAL PICNIC**
**AT**
**OGDEN'S GROVE,**
**ON**
**Saturday, July 4, '91,**
**DAY AND EVENING.**

DANIEL CORKERY, Chairman. HON. MARCUS KAVANAGH speaker for the evening. The grounds will be brilliantly illuminated in the evening. Dancing and Games will be the order of the day. Handsome prizes will be given for each City bourne avenue and Halsted street cars stop at the gate.

**DAILY LAKE EXCURSION**
To the Beautiful Summer Resorts of
**ST. JOSEPH AND BENTON HARBOR**
On the Palace Steamers "CITY OF CHICAGO" and "PURITAN,"
The two Fastest boats on Lake Michigan.
Leave 9:30 a. m., return to the city at 9 p. m. $1.00 Round trip.
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Sunday Excursion, leave 10 a. m. Return 10 p. m. $1.50 Round trip.
Saturday Special, leave 2 p. m. Round trip $1.00. Tickets good returning same day, Sunday 6 p. m. steamer, or Monday.
Meals and Berths Extra.
The "City of Chicago," 9 30 a. m. steamer from Chicago connects with the Special Steamboat Express on the Chicago & West Michigan Railway for Grand Rapids, Holland, Petosky, Detroit, Mackinac Island and all Northern points. This is the quickest and cheapest route to these points.
GRAHAM & MORTON TRANSPORTATION CO.
Dock foot of Wabash-av.
For further information apply to G. S. WHITELAW, General Passenger Agent.

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Carpets and Parlor Goods.
**HENRY STUCKART,**
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**MASON, ENNIS & BATES,**
Attorneys-at-Law,
ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,
36 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,
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**Easy Payments.**
Ladies' Dress Goods, Gents' Suits, Overcoats, Watches, Diamonds, and Jewelry. Manufacturers' Agent for Furniture, Pianos, and Sewing Machines. Country Cash Orders Filled at the Very Lowest Rates. Boys' Suits a Specialty.
**Jas. Clarke,**
MANAGER,
Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

## I FEAR NO MORE.

Adown the lane of linden trees
We took our Sunday evening walk,
And in the cool sweet summer breeze
We lingered long in lover's talk.

Our path lay near the churchyard stile—
We passed with slightly quickened pace,
A fluttering zephyr rose the while,
And cast a dead leaf in your face.

We turned into a wayside path,
The village lamps shone bright and clear,
Each shuddering essayed to laugh
In mockery of the other's fear.

Last night within that churchyard pale
I sat and wept the whole night through:
My sighs were mingled with the gale
That swept the dead leaves over you.

* * * * * *

Now only there I long to be,
And dream the dear past o'er and o'er.
No other spot so dear to me,
Since you are dead I fear no more.
—Jaye Jacques in Yankee Blade.

## "THE HEART SPOKE."

Somewhere upon the way between Vienna and Trieste the two letters had crossed each other, and as neither the mail train had gone off the track nor the postman had been robbed and murdered they arrived in due time into the hands of those to whom they were addressed in Trieste and Vienna. Do not get out of patience when you see that my hero and heroine have noble, high sounding names. I know that the usual run of stories are told of the nobility, and they become so tiresome! The joys and sorrows and romances of the middle and lower classes are forgotten. So forgive me: it is not my fault that my "leading lady and gentleman" belong to this former class, and happen to be Count Nicholas von Telki and Baroness Marie Schwarzberg, who are writing to each other, and, indeed, for the first time since their engagement.

You imagine, according to this, that Baroness Marie, with a cry of joy, threw her embroidery out of her hand, and with the help of her thoroughbred gothic pointed finger nail tore open the envelope, and that during the perusal of the letter a whole concert of joyful sensations played over her features. I regret that I cannot confirm your expectations. The young lady preferred to finish a vine she was embroidering, then took a paper knife, with which she very calmly opened it, and did not smile until she had reached the very end—a peculiarly triumphant, victorious smile!

"It will not please me," I cry with Iago, and peep inquisitively over her shoulder at the written page. "Well, what does Count Niki write?"

"TRIESTE, ——.

"RESPECTED BARONESS—I kiss, first of all, most dutifully your hand, and with the deepest respect. I inquire after your health, of which, in spite of our solemn and weighty engagement, I allow myself to have the best hopes. The dear parents, my parents-in-law, are of course included in this question. I take for granted that the doings and thoughts of your fiance lie near to your heart, so I shall—I know that one always does it—give you a conscientious bulletin of everything. I would like to assure you that I, intoxicated with happiness and your father's delicious wine, embraced the porter, pressed a real banknote into the conductor's hand, and, instead of turning that contrivance in the car to regulate the temperature, I pulled the 'safety rope.' I must tell you candidly, just as I am, that neither in happiness nor in wine have I that necessary moderation. I did not sleep; 'the ring on my finger' made me think much, too much, for I am not accustomed to thinking. I soon discovered that it was most beautifully wrought and very heavy, but about the great question—according to Hamlet—'to be or not to be'—I was not made the wiser.

"At the town where we stopped a half hour for lunch it all became clear as sunshine to me for the first time. I had drunk of cold coffee there which, as it seems, made me not only handsome, but also wise, as the saying goes. 'You must write all, openly and honestly. Baroness Mizi will understand you,' said I, and indeed so loud that my neighbor at the lunch table, a nun, very much frightened, took her rosary and said her prayers.

"So here I am, as you see, writing to you.

"I must first introduce myself. The exterior appearance is sufficiently known to you. You were long ago informed of my 'worldly goods' question. You know already that I have a blonde mustache and brown eyes, the required military height and a few inches over, and all that is necessary for a 'warrant of caption,' but of the inner man it is as unknown to you as one of those charming places which lies on our military frontier. You allow me to proceed? I am a tolerably sensible man, who bears the well sounding name of the Von Telkis, but has not their prejudices and who looks a little beyond the horizon of the family's laid down laws. I'm a good fellow, but if you took me for a fop the day before yesterday, allow me, without boasting, to earnestly protest. I have a will, a good deal of it, perhaps too stubborn. I am only weak when one begs me 'from the heart.' Particularly if it is a woman, and most especially if that woman is my mother, whom I should love and honor the highest.

"Dear Baroness, I saw you day before yesterday for the first time face to face. I have known you in my thoughts, but that is a rather wearying occupation. You have been served to me at breakfast, dinner and supper—one should never go too far into the figurative lest one runs against a snag. The Telkis have since time immemorial married the Schwarzbergs and vice versa. You, the last Schwarzberg, was destined for me, so surely, so certainly, so absolutely by fate and man that—enfin, that I, who am headstrong and capricious, have reached a right ripe age before I have allowed myself to be moved to the unavoidable end of our—of my wish to be nearer.

"'You must be back in Trieste on Monday; you can stay a day in Vienna; now make an end of this affair,' said my mother, and she had tears in her eyes—real, genuine tears. I am a good son, and, on the whole, not a bad Telki. My heart—I have something like a heart, after the fashion of novels and the play—had never refused her anything when asked earnestly, so I said 'yes'—it must be yes.

"Before I confess further, permit me, dear baroness, to give you a good piece of advice. Change your photographer. Your photograph is not able to give any idea of you. After these premises, I may be very honest; it is, indeed, a mortal sin in the confessional to keep anything silent. Now then, I thought to myself, that simpleton of a Mizi will be over rejoiced to give me her hand, and will that same evening tell her ten dearest, bosom friends, in highest heart jubilee, what a swell fellow her Niki is, and after the wedding (which will be under the eyes of all Vienna) will embroider full grown crowns and crests upon all the corners of my trousseau, which were imprudently left vacant.

"Half indifferently, half displeased, I entered the palace of Schwarzberg. Papa embraced me three times and mamma called me 'dear Niki' and 'dear son.' After the formalities were over the moment came for you to make your appearance. When I saw your energetic features and met the first surprised and then so dark and reproachful look, and then noticed the mocking smile which played around your mouth, and felt how cold your hand was, which lay indifferently in mine, then I asked you in my heart to forgive that word simpleton. With your straightforward, rebuffing manner you made me quite embarrassed. I passed you the gravy at the table four times, and at my departure kissed your bracelet, which had a very sharp edge, as my cut lip shows. But still more cutting was your 'safe journey;' even a child could have understood; and 'please, don't come back again.'

"I have since felt, and I know that we are both antagonistic to our families, and our self willed natures flame up the moment a yoke is placed upon them. You demand your freedom again, which you have unwillingly sacrificed to me. I know it. I will give it back to you. But how? We stand now opposed to an unfriendly power, which we ourselves have created, and only with united strength can conquer.

"I must see you and have a talk. I know that in May you will be with the Browers at their country seat. May I unexpectedly appear? We can then 'acquit our case,' I hope, to the satisfaction of us both. With a devoted hand kiss, your NIKI TELKI."

Baroness Mizi, on the other hand, wrote:

"VIENNA.

"DEAR COUNT—I am a Schwarzberg, and we have for centuries considered it a great honor when a Telki has bestowed his heart and hand upon a Schwarzberg. I am not an ungrateful one, and I know how to value the honor; pardon me if I do not continue in this tone. I have had many admirers and have been presented with a terrible amount of flowers, at whose sight I have felt myself frightfully engaged. I am not romantic or sentimental, so my greatest interest in those flowers has been to know the name of the florist and then wonder how much they cost; so in looking for the name of the firms I have half poisoned myself with the odor of the flowers. Alas! not quite. It would have truly been better, for I am beside myself and could, for the first time in my life, cry for rage and shame. Count, I am indeed a wicked creature, and I now understand why my five governesses, with tears in their eyes, ran away. It was quite vicious, what I have thought and planned—and now it is revenged, as my eyes are opened.

"I have had excellent instruction, especially from my teacher of religion. My priest was a very practical tutor. 'The wife should obey the husband and understand, dear Mizi, when a Count Telki comes and wishes to take you home as his countess, you must gratefully take leave of papa and mamma,' etc.

"I had never doubted but that, at some time, our marriage would be written up in The Salonblatt, down to the last satin train and the last cousin from Siebenburger. That you have never appeared until just now was just what I wanted—a good bashful suitor. What could one wish or expect besides?

"You have already perceived at a glance what I get at home to see. Mamma is everything. Papa colors pictures out of illustrated periodicals, which he then cuts out, and is dreadfully angry if any one disturbs him in this occupation. And the men around me, such as Vicky Arnsberg and Tom Meierhof, and whatever their names are—dudes translated into high aristocracy—why shouldn't this Niki Telki look just like the rest?

"Oh, I rejoiced at your coming. I wanted to fix a nice chase for you. I had looked for something extra in the 'Conversational Guide.' I intended, the very first thing, to hurl Lopez de Vega and Marlow at you from the saddle.

"Then you came, every inch not a dude, and looked with your dejected and deeply knitted brow not at all as if you could allow joking. You had something about you so lofty that quite perplexed me, and that afterward made me furious. I could only ask myself, How can such a man allow himself to be engaged, patiently and obediently, to Mizi Schwarzberg, who just twenty-four hours before had turned up her nose at his miserable provincial photograph? I forgot Lopez de Vega, Marlow and everything, and poured the gravy, which you passed me several times, over my apricot preserves.

"But now I know that I am not the weak creature that you have sought. I warn you—think of my five unfortunate governesses. You are a cavalier, you will not hold me caught if I long for liberty; you will find for me, for us, a way out of this engagement. In deepest respect. Your devoted

"MIZI VON SCHWARZBERG."

Baroness Mizi had found the prettiest seat in the Brauer park for herself, the bench on the bank of the lake. A laurel tree made an excellent background for her cream colored dress and flaming red parasol.

"At your service, baroness—exactly upon the minute."

"Thank you, count; will you not sit down?"

"The worthy Brauer will be here in fifteen minutes, so had we not better begin business immediately?"

"Directly in medias res."

"I am, indeed, not a Hungarian peasant, that I understand Latin, but you mean, then, immediately to reach the center?"

"You have a decided instinct for language. Well?"

Through the sunlight her clear cut profile was truly exquisitely beautiful. The chin a trifle impertinent.

"Now, then, I suppose, dear count, you want to know how things stand. Well, we have very indiscreetly allowed golden chains to be put upon us, which we should like to shake off, a tout prix."

"Just as true as poetically said."

His brown eyes alone must make him sympathetic.

"Of course the withdrawing must come from your side, my dear young lady. I can not be expected to refuse you."

"On principle that is fair, but though I have much courage, for I once fought a regular duel with Lady Auersberg, I fear it would not be sufficient to fight one with my family. Allow me, please, to put up my parasol, the sun is shining right in your face."

It was indeed a beautiful woman's head which looked from under the red shade.

"So we must have a pitched battle and conquer your family, if you expect to get rid of me. I am not a saint, in spite of my holy name of Nicholas. The girls of your ballet would, for a small recompense, gladly get up some scandal about me, and"——

"Mercy, count, that would be dreadful for me. Besides I have, in my childish innocence, always believed such light winged scandals belonged exclusively to the marriage chapter."

They looked each other questioningly in the eyes, as if they could answer such a rational question.

"I think then that it looks hopeless."

"Oh, no, not quite, for I can take myself forcibly from this life"——

"For heaven's sake, stop. Why, every little schoolboy nowadays who gets a bad certificate commits suicide, and besides it's no longer the style. Then it would be such a pity too"——

"Truly?" He kissed her hand, this time underneath the bracelet.

"Then, perhaps, a long, never-to-return journey on my part. Africa is quite the 'go' now, and is accompanied with chances for being eaten. The savages prefer roasted human flesh to baked chicken salads."

"That would be deserting your flag, and would decide nothing."

"Yes; in the meantime you would know your own heart; the right man would come, to whom you would listen."

"The right man! Oh, count, you do not know this dull, insipid society, Vicky Arnsberg, or—'it overcomes me,' as Gretchen says. So you must think of some other way."

"At your command I'll try."

"It's strange that these two stupid gold rings should have so much power. Do you see how easily mine can be drawn off—yours, too? There, now, I hold the criminals. Yes, because it must be"—she stamped her little foot—"so, there they lie now in the lake!"

"You have done that very slyly and just like a woman. We are rid of the rings, a beautiful carp will undoubtedly die of indigestion—and we are precisely as before! But, did you say 'because' or 'if' it must be?"

" 'Because,' count."

A long pause, with a swift exchange of glances; then the count said: "A capital idea, dear Miss Mizi. We'll present our case to the 'Salonblatt' in the form of a public explanation. No one can do anything against the fait accompli. We have been brought together against our will and engaged. We have, as sensible persons, found out that we are strangers, that we can neither esteem nor love each other. Is it not true?"

"Now strangers we are no longer. I even thought we would have been right good comrades, and hope yet that we may be."

"Why, of course, concerning the esteem on my part."

"And I hope the esteem on my part will be equal to yours."

"With the 'love,' indeed."

Never write. One must get angry so often with those whom one writes about. See? I have gone to the trouble to draw a sketch of characters, and now this industrious work is to be frivolously destroyed. I can absolutely not say why those two on the bench should look at each other so long and lovingly—why Mizi, the abovesaid Mizi, should suddenly cast down her eyes and become very red. I find it also very inconsistent that Niki grasped her two hands, and that Mizi let her head rest upon his shoulder.

And this is what was tremblingly asked: "Mizi, and will you let me have this little hand for my very own?" and to this an energetic nodding of her head, then said angrily, "Dear me, our rings lie in the lake," to which he answered:

"No matter about the rings, I see here two lips which will bind the faster." Then——

"Would it not be well to make an end of this, children? Here I have been standing five minutes in the sun. In another second I shall have a sunstroke!"

It was the worthy Brauer?—Translated for Commercial Gazette from the German of C. Shottler by Jennie Dickson.

### A Misunderstood Sign.

Councilman Otto Stechhan has been casting eyes upon the heights of Parnassus for a long time. In short, Mr. Stechhan is just bubbling over with poetry. Any one who has ever called at his residence on Christian avenue would know this by the inscription over the portals, which is the Latin word "Salve," which is, as of course you know, a Latin salutation of welcome. It pains Mr. Stechhan's poetic temperament, however, to have rude ignorance ring his door bell and ask, "Is this yer a salve factory?"—Indianapolis News.

## MEXICAN DISCIPLINE.

### HOW A BRAVE YOUNG SOLDIER MET A CRIMINAL'S DEATH.

**Fate of a Popular Captain of Cavalry in Mexico—Story of the Execution and the Circumstances That Led Up to the Shooting—A Powerful Picture.**

Monterey, in the state of Neuvo Leon, has been the theater of many military tragedies, but the shooting of Savator Estuperron, second lieutenant of the Mexican cavalry, was the saddest that has ever darkened the annals of the state. A brief history of the event which led to this execution is necessary to a proper understanding of the case.

A company of the Thirteenth regular cavalry was ordered to do special duty at Cadereyta, a small town on the Gulf road. The company was in command of a first lieutenant and the deceased. A dispute arose between the officers, and Lieutenant Estuperron, fearing, as his friends say, that his life was in danger, drew his pistol, but did not shoot at his superior. It is claimed that he snapped the pistol, but it missed fire. For this offense he was placed under arrest and tried by a general court martial and sentenced to death.

There were extenuating circumstances admitted, and the case was carried to the highest federal courts. Pending a decision the first officer of the company was shot dead in the portals at Monterey by one of his soldiers, and the soldier, while yet the smoke was curling from his weapon, was shot down by the captain of the company.

Whether these deaths affected the pardoning power or not will never be known, but the finding of the court was approved, and powerful personal appeals by persons intimately associated with President Diaz were unavailing. The death warrant was signed and carried into execution. That the officer was admired by the people and dearly loved in his regiment was well known by the authorities, as precautions taken by the commandant of the department were ample proof.

THE DEATH SCENE.

The time of the shooting was kept a profound secret. The cathedral clock chimed 4. There was a sharp bugle call, a hurrying of mustering feet, quick commands and rapid evolutions, and in a few moments the garrison fell into line. The gate in the rear of the barracks was opened, and the Thirteenth cavalry, in full marching order, on foot, issued forth, followed by their band, with muffled instruments. The Fifth cavalry followed, and then the Fifth infantry. They formed a square, three sides of which consisted of the respective regiments. The fourth was the wall of the barracks. The general commanding the department and staff took up a position in the center. When the troops halted the commanding officer called: "Attention!" "Fix bayonets!" He then announced the sentence, and added:

"If any man moves in the ranks or gives any expression of sympathy with the prisoner or fault with the sentence he shall be committed to prison from one to five years, depending on the gravity of the offense."

The silence as of death fell upon the soldiers and the few spectators who were allowed to be present. Afar off the church bell tolled the knell for the dying. The early sun just gilded the mountain peaks that rise like giant sentinels around the historic city, and one's thoughts went back to the dull gray morning, long ago, when an American soldier knelt upon his coffin and met a bloody death almost on the same spot.

Great white wreaths circled the higher hills. It is now 4:45. From out the gate issued a company of the Thirteenth, at its head a prisoner, and by his side a priest. With a firm tread and a proudly lifted head he marched, never faltering or halting, but with a bright smile upon his face he looked the least concerned of the party.

FACING DEATH BRAVELY.

He halted at a small marked elevation twenty feet from the barracks wall. His company filed past and formed in front, four files deep. Two lines advanced, halted, and one still advanced. There were six men in each line. The firing party thus consisted of six men in the front line within ten feet of the prisoner, and the second line within fifteen feet. The other two lines formed a reserve. The death knell tolled, and the clock struck 5. The officer advanced to bandage the eyes of the prisoner, but the latter waved the officer aside and said:

"I have looked too often in the face of death to fear him now."

"It shall be as you wish," said the captain as he took his place at the left of the firing party. Taking off his hat the prisoner surveyed the assembled troops, looked once at the sun tipped hills, and said to the firing party: "Shoot straight for my heart, but do not strike my face. Adieu." And bringing his hand to the position of "Attention" he awaited the end.

There was a slight flash of the captain's sword. The guns came to. "Ready!" Another flash. "Aim!" The blade drops. Six sheets of flame dart toward the prisoner, who sprang into the air with three bullets in his heart. The surgeon took his wrist. The captain gave a quick command, a soldier stepped from the ranks, and placing his rifle to the prisoner's head, fired. In less than fifty seconds from the drop of the sword Lieutenant Estuperron was dead.

The bugles sounded. The troops filed past the body; it was put into the coffin, and the grim tragedy was over—and as brave a man as ever buckled on a sword had crossed to the "bivouac of the dead."—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Alas! Too True.

Teacher—What can you tell me about Julius Cæsar?

Pupil—He wrote books for the lower forms in classics.—Familienblatt.

### A Far Sighted Youth.

"Can you afford to marry?"

"I think so. I have a clergyman friend who'll do it cheap."—New York Epoch.

### Something About a Great Preacher.

Mr. Spurgeon has a strong partiality for the fragrant weed. On Sunday evenings after the service at the Tabernacle he may be seen reclining in the cushions of his carriage and puffing away at his pipe as he is driven home. He says that after a hard day's work he finds a smoke has a soothing and restful effect upon his nerves. Westwood, his home at Beulah Hill, Norwood, is perhaps the finest place owned by a dissenting parson in this country. He has a magnificent collection of plants, shrubs, etc., from all parts of the world. The grounds are laid out on a most lavish scale, and all the appointments of the place are in keeping.

Mr. Spurgeon has sometimes been remonstrated with by persons more orthodox than himself—if such can be conceived—for driving on Sunday. His retort is that he is under grace, while his horses are under the law, so that their Sabbath comes on the Saturday and his own on the Sunday, which is a most convenient arrangement. But it is a fact that he takes cares the animals shall have at least one day's rest in seven, which is both prudent and humane.

The reporter's transcript of his Sunday morning's sermon has to be in his hands by 7 o'clock on Monday morning, when he carefully revises the MS. Whether he makes any provision or stipulation for the shorthand writer's rest day does not transpire.

Mr. Spurgeon spends much time and pains on the preparation of his sermons. He has two secretaries regularly reading for him, and when he has fixed upon a subject he sets these gentlemen to hunt up in his ample library and elsewhere matter likely to be useful to him. Then he does the work of sifting and construction.—London Star.

### Outlays That Bring Incomes.

An advertising agent gave me some interesting items today about the amounts paid by some of the leading houses here for advertising. The company who is supposed to lead the list is a baking powder company which spends $500,000 yearly in making their wares known. Following them the Pearline people come, spending $300,000 annually. The Sapolio company is credited with spending $150,000. Among the dry goods people, who are about the largest advertisers in the daily papers, E. J. Denning & Co. stand first. They lay out $100,000 a year in newspaper advertising. Lord & Taylor are reckoned next, with an expenditure of $60,000. The big Sixth avenue bazars run anywhere from $40,000 to $60,000 a year, and the merchant who does not spend $25,000 a year nowadays simply "isn't in it," so far as heavy advertising goes.

Of course where such large sums are expended there is a great deal of thought put upon the subject and the advertising man is an important personage. So deeply interested, indeed, are advertisers in the art that a distinct literature is rapidly springing up, publishing the latest ideas by the best experts. Who knows but talented writers of advertisements will yet be admitted to the Authors' club?—New York. Cor. Washington Star.

### Our Future Trade with Asia.

The commercial outlook of Oregon is westward. It is nearer by the breadth of a continent to the markets of the old east and of the Pacific islands than are the Atlantic ports. No just estimate can be placed upon the future volume and value of the trade with Asia. No one nation can control it, but the struggle to possess it will be mainly between England and our Pacific coast states. British statesmen, with proverbial sagacity, foresaw this struggle, and it was not the result of accident that in settling the Oregon boundary we lost the island of Vancouver and half of Puget sound.

In this struggle the new northwest will have an advantage over California in distance, and in the fact that the ocean stream which rises off the coast of Asia and flows eastward to the American continent gives to every ship bound for a northwestern port a gain of twenty miles in every twenty-four hours. The region will have an advantage over Great Britain in the local production of the staple articles required for the Asiatic trade. He who should now undertake to estimate the commerce of the Pacific coast with Asia and the Pacific islands twenty-five years hence would find few who would not consider his estimate exaggerated.—Senator Dolph in Forum.

### The Story of a Book Clerk.

Mark Twain told me a good story the other day. It illustrated his point that all the clerks in our book stores are not the best informed in literary matters.

The humorist's wife and a friend recently went into a book store, in a city of good size, not many miles from New York.

Accosting a clerk Mrs. Clemens said that her friend desired to secure a copy of Taine's "Ancient Regime."

"Beg pardon," said the clerk, "what book did you say?"

Mrs. Clemens repeated the author and title of the book.

Going to the rear of the store, the clerk soon returned, only to inquire, "May I ask you to repeat the name of the author?"

"Why, Taine," replied Mrs. Clemens, becoming a little annoyed.

Assuming an air of superior knowledge, and looking at his customers with a piteous glance of sympathy, he ventured to Mrs. Clemens:

"Pardon me, madam, but you have the name a trifle wrong. You mean Twain—not Taine."

And it takes Mark Twain to tell the story.—Edward W. Bok's Letter.

### He Got Excited.

Belfast, Me., has a funny citizen. He discovered his house to be on fire, and got so excited that he forgot to give the alarm but began throwing his household goods out of the window, much to the wonderment of his neighbors, who watched his antics for some time without knowing the cause. Fifteen minutes later they saw the fire break out of the roof and they gave the alarm.—Detroit Free Press.

## WALLPAPERS.

**Valuable Points About the Interior Decoration of Your House.**

There is no excuse at present for the use of a gaudy, ugly wallpaper. Excellent, tasteful designs can be found at a low price. Do not attempt a niggard economy in this matter. Few rooms require more than ten rolls of paper, many much less; and there is often only the difference of five or ten cents on a roll in the price of a pretty or a cheap, ugly pattern. A beautiful paper for ordinary use can be purchased at twenty-five cents a roll, and if properly cared for will last many years. The laborer who hangs it should not charge over ten or twelve cents a roll. It is the fancy of the hour to use a wide border or frieze, varying from eighteen inches to twenty-two in width, and usually wide enough to cover the space from the tops of the doors and windows to the ceiling. This frieze is usually separated from the main body of the paper by a narrow picture molding.

This molding costs about eight or ten cents a foot, put up. The paperhanger can do it, and it is much better to let him, as the carpenter, though he may do it as well, may not be so careful not to injure the new paper in the process. An amateur could probably learn easily to put up this molding. It is put up with brads, but care must be taken not to nick or scratch it in putting it up, as it is already finished in gilt or natural wood stain. When purchased already finished the picture molding costs much less than when the carpenter makes it, and finishes it on the wall, as is sometimes done.

A picture molding properly put up will last as long as the house. In parlors, where delicate pictures in black and white or water colors will be hung, a white and gold paper is desirable, but in a simpler parlor a cartridge paper will probably give more satisfaction. Choose one in a brownish terra cotta, robins' egg blue or silvery olivine gray, and have the frieze above it of a lighter tint, stenciled off with a pattern in black or gold or silver, and separated by a gilt, or in some cases an ebony picture molding. There must be an abundance of pictures hung on this plain background or it will be monotonous. Remember that it is an artistic rule that the base of a room should be darkest.

Where there is a dado used, it is allowable to use a heavy dark color; never a pronounced color, as such shades are utterly out of place on the wall. The middle space of the wall should be a medium shade, the frieze should be several tints lighter and the ceiling should be still lighter. Where two colors are used, one for the main wall and another for the frieze, the colder color should be used above. Thus, in a bedroom papered with palest rose and blue, the blue should be used for the frieze and the warm color below; and the two may be separated by an ebony or ivory and gold picture molding.

The dado and frieze are not often used together now, except in houses where it is desirable to "bring down" the ceiling and make the walls appear lower. They are more often seen in halls or dining rooms than anywhere else. It is quite easy to get friezes for any shade of cartridge paper printed in stenciled patterns. The hand painted stencil work would of course be expensive if a professional worker was engaged to do it.

As a rule, it is better to choose the upholstery of a room in contrasting rather than in similar colors, so as to avoid a monotonous effect in color. In a drawing room more delicacy of color is allowable than in other rooms, and bright colors are introduced in bric-a-brac ornaments, in wall curtains and in other decorative ways.—New York Tribune.

### A Forsaken Dog and a Pair of Cuffs.

"You needn't tell me," remarked Lewis A. Rice, son of the late John A. Rice, "that dogs can't reason. There's my bull terrier Jack. I'll bet a hat he knows as much as anybody, and I'll tell you a story to prove it. A year or two ago I went away from home, leaving Jack behind with the family. The first day after I left he was disconsolate, and wandered up and down the house apparently unhappy. He wouldn't eat anything either. Next day it was just as bad. The third day he got into my room and found there a pair of my cuffs, which had been forgotten. These he carried off and secreted, and then came back and ate a square meal. When he had satisfied his hunger he got the cuffs, put his paws on them and went contentedly to sleep.

"For weeks he carried those cuffs with him wherever he went, and nobody could get them away from him. At last somebody did steal them, and Jack refused to eat and moped around disconsolately. Then he found them again and was happy. Now, I say that shows that Jack has the faculty of reason. He knew those cuffs belonged to me, and as his affection for me was great they comforted him a little in his sorrow at my absence."—Chicago Post.

### New Plays Require Capital.

A theatrical manager has a big contract on his hands in this age when he starts out to produce a new play. The expenses are enormous. "Salaries," said one of them, "are in individual cases higher than ever before. The companies are larger and the scenery is simply terribly costly. We put on scenery now which would have made managers stand aghast in the old days. Transportation runs up another big account and there are a thousand and one necessary items to swell the total. If a play is a failure it does not take long to sink a fortune in it. It makes a manager turn pale to go into his theater and find rows of vacant seats grinning at him. He knows that means 'stop!' and he can't afford to wait very long for the tide to turn."—New York Tribune.

### Much Worse Off.

Raggles—Don't beg there. Them folks is wuss off than we are.

Beery Ben—They don't show it.

Raggles—Oh, I know 'em. They're tryin' to cut a dash on $2,400 a year and five children to feed.—Harper's Bazar.

## POINTS FOR CAMPERS.

CLOTHING FOR HEALTH AND COMFORT WHILE IN THE WOODS.

**What Tools and Sundries to Take Along. How the Camp Should Be Selected—A List of Articles for the Kit—Some of the Necessary Food Supplies.**

Too few of the boys who spend their vacation in the wilderness study carefully enough the methods adopted by persons of extensive camping experience. There is no pleasure in a holiday spent in the wilderness unless the campers understand how to make themselves comfortable and to avoid the confusion and discomforts which fall to the lot of the ordinary greenhorn.

Yet the whole thing is very easy to learn. For those who do not want to think out the subject for themselves let me give a few suggestions as the result of my own experience for a number of years of camp life, as well as the experience of a large number of friends of mine.

I always use a Norfolk jacket—called in this country Oxford jacket, or belted coat—made loose, of strong homespun, and capable of being worn open when it is warm, or belted tight when the weather is cold. This coat looks quite sportsmanlike. The cap is a matter of choice, but I like best the deer stalker, which receives in this country the rather obvious name of fore-and-after. It should be of the same color and material as the coat.

To be thoroughly de rigueur for wild life the camper should wear homespun or corduroy knickerbockers, with black or gray stockings, unless the region where he places his camp is badly plagued by mosquitoes, when he had better wear trousers, as the fly pests will put their bills clean through the stockings. The stockings should be of wool and ribbed.

For lying about the camp, canoeing, boating or light tramping, thin yellow leather and sometimes canvas shoes might be used, but for all heavy work there is nothing like a solid boot, roomy, with wide sole and wide heel, laced tightly about the ankle and resembling the old fashioned English shooting boot.

For underwear woolen is far the best, because, while not over warm, this material rapidly throws off all moisture. I should advise wool for outer as well as inner shirts, and the former should be of a color which will not too easily show stains. The drawers should be of the same material as the inner shirt.

Two inner and two outer shirts, two pairs of drawers and, if possible, two pairs of trousers or knickerbockers—or better still, a pair of each—with one jacket, will be sufficient. Don't forget handkerchiefs, light socks, and any kind of belt that you prefer.

THE KIT.

Be careful in making up your kit. If you have long and rough travel and any portaging never take a box, no matter how many patents are attached to it or how convenient it may look on the tradesman's counter. It is inconvenient to carry in a boat and impossible to carry through the woods. I know nothing better than a good substantial bag, made of oiled canvas, thoroughly watertight, and arranged so it can be laced snugly together. I have seen leather bags also which served the purpose admirably.

Each camper requires a pair of blankets, gray or dark red; the clothing I have mentioned, say, two large crash towels, soap, small hand glass, comb and brush, tooth brush and paste, needles, thread, thimbles and buttons, a couple of pairs of old kid gloves, a pair of scissors, pocket knife, belt sheath and sheath knife, a small bottle of arnica, bottle of Jamaica ginger, a "book" of court plaster, a bottle of citrate of magnesia in powder, and two or three bottles of laxative pills, as advised by physician. I would not advise spirits, except a bottle of excellent brandy, to be used only after a severe wetting and when there are indications that a cold has set in.

If you propose to camp at some place far away from a grocery store you must, of course, take your provisions along, and here comes the most troublesome part of your camping outfit. You must have tea, coffee and sugar, sirup, bag of salt, biscuits, pepper, mustard, vinegar and curry. I am a strong advocate of canned food for the camp, and in this form should have beef, lobster, salmon, tongue and perhaps tomatoes and corn. Butter is also necessary, but, if possible, get it from the nearest farm house.

Better take along also a bag of "prepared" flour, buckwheat and rice, if you wish, and, above all, some tins of good condensed milk. Condensed coffee is also an excellent article. You can have also prepared soups, chocolate, etc., which add to the luxury of camp life. But be careful about overweighing your baggage. Each camper should have a tin plate and cup, a spoon, a knife and a fork.

THE CAMP.

The camp should have a frying pan, three graduated tin kettles, the larger with the capacity of a gallon or more, and one fitting closely into the other; an ax for heavy chopping is necessary, and it would be well to have a small hatchet for light work. A pocket compass is indispensable, as are also parlor matches.

There is no comfort in camping unless you take a tent, and the "A" structure, strong cotton, in my judgment, is best. One eight by ten feet and six feet high will accommodate six persons. Better take along your ridge pole and tent pins, and always have an ample supply of cord. It is well to take tent pins, because sometimes you are suddenly overtaken by a rain storm, or you reach the camping ground after dark, and it is inconvenient or impossible to obtain tent pins. Never take crockeryware, for it is sure to break and heavy to carry.

Sufficient attention is not always given to a camp site. In choosing the spot several considerations should weigh. It should be near wood and water, and, while secluded, should command a view of the most picturesque parts of its surroundings.—New York Herald.


## COSTIVENESS

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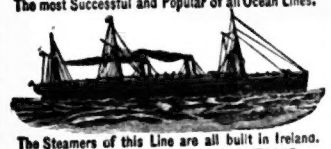

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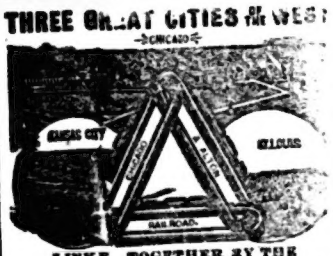


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St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Mewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 503 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 852 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J E Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgobann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2241 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4493 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 156 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 290 W Thirteenth st; John McSbea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Boyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Buggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Eblebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Feehan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, F S; Joseph F Lauden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 240 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Henrehan, C R, 16 D Sarsfield st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Haverseb, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Semitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5554 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3244 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 566 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas: Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lacomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's ball, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

### ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec., Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Farron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V. P.; Edward O Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 951 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec. 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec., James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1720 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V. P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Abern, Pres S Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McMahon, Fin. Sec, John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Eisenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V. P., P. J. Kane, Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 15—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V. P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3128 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st and Archer av.

Div. No. 16—Pres., James Noonan; V. P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast, Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V. P., James Conway, Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V. P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hensly; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres., Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 33—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P J J Burke; rec sec, M J O'Brien, 3293 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3318 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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### ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2900 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E 8. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
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Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.
Secretary, John Mulvihill, 378 W. Erie st, Chicago.
Treasurer, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.
Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 3617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.
County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.
County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griff

### A California Mining Camp in '49.

The gambling tents were large, and contained not only gaming tables but billiard tables. At one of these I was once playing billiards with a man named H——. A few feet from us, raised upon a platform made for the purpose, were seated three Mexican musicians, playing guitars: for these places were always supplied with instrumental music. Evening seldom passed without disputes, and pistols were quickly drawn to settle quarrels. Upon any outbreak men would rush from all parts of the room, struggling to get as near as possible to the scene of action, and often they paid the penalty for their curiosity by being accidentally shot.

While H—— and I were engaged in our game we could hear the monotonous appeal of the dealers, "Make your game, gentlemen, make your game. Red wins and black loses." Suddenly bang, bang, bang went the pistols in a distant part of the tent. The usual rush followed. Bang, bang, again, and this time the guitar dropped from the hands of one of the unoffending musicians, who fell forward to the ground with a bullet through his neck. His friends promptly undertook to carry him past us to the open air. Our table was so near the side of the tent that only one person at a time could go between it and the canvas.

H—— was standing in the way, just in the act of striking the ball with his cue, when one of the persons carrying the wounded man touched him, with the request that he move to one side. He turned, and saw the Mexican being supported by the legs and arms, the blood flowing from his neck. Then, with the coolest indifference, he said, "Hold on, hold on, boys, till I make this shot." Then, resuming his former position, he deliberately finished his shot.—Dr. C. B. Gillespie in Century.

### To Do Away with Exercise.

Too much dumbbell exercise is a weariness to the flesh, and matutinal swinging of the Indian club becomes, sooner or later, irksome. The idea of relieving the tedium of daily exercise while increasing its benefits is a good one, and it is now placed at the service of the public in a practical form. A polished wooden box contains the appliances incidental to the ordinary exercising machine, and is equipped, in addition, with a magneto-electro apparatus capable of transmitting an electric current to ten or more persons at the same time, or being graduated to the endurance or pleasure of one person, so that while the various forms of exercise are being gone through an electric current of any required strength can be imparted.

It is claimed that electricity can thus be applied under improved and more pleasant conditions than formerly in many cases where its use has been proved to be most beneficial. Attention is called to the fact that telegraph operators, accountants, typewriters, pianists, and all whose work is apt to cause muscular pains and stiffness in the hand and arm, can by the use of this exercising machine reap a twofold advantage. The machine has a bath attachment. This is placed in a bath, and when the foot is placed upon it an electric shock of graduated strength is imparted to the bather.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Improvements in Rolled Steel.

A protracted series of experiments made at Siemens' works, in England, with the new process of manufacturing steel tubes, show conclusively, it is claimed, a remarkable adaptation of the system to the manufacture of pipes for the conveyance of water, gas and air at high pressure, the manufacture of steam boilers, boiler tubes, and especially for bridge construction, owing to the lightness and strength of the tubes of comparatively thin steel, and which, it is believed, will enable the engineer of the future to considerably increase the span of bridges.

The simple as well as remarkable peculiarity of this process of shaping metals consists in the fact that, instead of avoiding any twist of the fibers, it by one operation gives the greatest possible twist to the fiber with a corresponding stretch of material. It moreover may, assisted by a mandrel, increase the outer diameter of a bar, instead of diminishing it, as do all other rolling mills, but the tube produced by this new method is generally greater in diameter than the bar from which it is formed, and thus combining, as it does, all the various systems of rolling, it is claimed to possess the advantage of a construction in which all hitherto known rolling processes represent a part.—New York Sun.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. S.—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic. To Orlow H. Crotser, and to all whom it may concern: Please take notice that on the 20th day of July, 1891, being the first day of the July Term 1891, of the Probate Court of Cook County, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, I, Augusta Kennedy, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, shall present to said court, at the Probate Court room, in the court house, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, my petition and application for leave to sell, according to law, all that certain real estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic situated in said County and State, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the East half (E½) of the Northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8), Township Thirty nine (39), North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, for the purpose of enabling me to pay the debts of said Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.

AUGUSTA KENNEDY,
Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE CROTSER, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine Crotser, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1891, being the 17th day thereof. ALFRED KENNEDY, Executor.

Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.


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### ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

### INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter J. O'Connell, son of John and Mary O'Connell, Ardgroon, county Cork, Ireland. He was in Marquette, Mich., in 1883, and left there in 1884 and went to his uncle, C. C. Lowrey, Jamestown, Dak.; in 1886 he went from there to Duluth, Minn.; the last heard of him, in the fall of 1887, he was in Ashland, Wis. Any information about him will be thankfully received by

PETER O'CONNELL,
Marquette, Mich.
Irish-American papers please copy.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST.

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LEAVE TO change name To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Victor Krasky, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next July Term A. D. 1891 of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in said County of Cook, on the third Monday of July, 1891, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Victor Krasky.

Dated at Chicago, this 21st day of May A. D. 1891. (Signed) VICTOR KRASKY.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM MURPHY, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of William Murphy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1891, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 26, 1891.
WILLIAM F. MURPHY, Administrator.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administrator, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building.

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**Attorneys.**

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH, Attorney at Law, 609 Opera House Building, Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981.

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891. John G. Haueise vs. Sarah Haueise. In Chancery. No. 91,759.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Haueise that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

ESTATE OF JAMES PYNE, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of James Pyne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1891, being the 17th day thereof. JOHN PYNE, Executor.

Dated Chicago, June 3, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.


## The NATIONAL HYMN AS REARRANGED FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

## SANTA CLAUS SOAP

My Country: 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died;
Land where our Mothers cried,
Over the wash-tub tied
Let freedom ring.
My native country thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy tucks and frills
But oh: what laundry bills;
My soul with horror thrills;
When I think of thee.
Let music swell the breeze,
And blow through all the trees
Hail SANTA CLAUS:
Let tired mortals wake
And gladly try a cake,
Let all for cleanness sake,
Join the applause.

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO. MAKERS FOR ALL NATIONS.



## GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.



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NEW YORK. QUEENSTOWN. LIVERPOOL.
Seven Days' Mail Steamers.
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GENERAL AGENTS,
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Besides a Weekly Service from Boston Every Saturday.

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31 Randolph St., (under Sherman House.)

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M. J. GERAGHTY, 433 W. Twelfth Street.
(Adjoining Jesuit Church.)



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FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
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